

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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GOOD THINGS FROM THE OLD YEAR

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A CITY'S GREAT PERIL

AMAZING EXPERIENCE OF LIVERPOOL

The Film of Oil That Spread About the Docks

THE LONG AND ANXIOUS VIGIL

Liverpool has passed, happily with safety, through a remarkable and perhaps unique experience.

In the River Mersey, off Liverpool, an American oil-tanker, the Seminole, laden with a cargo of ten thousand tons of naphtha and petrol, ran aground on the Pluckington Banks, a mile from the docks, and the city was threatened with a more deadly peril than if a hostile warship had been off the port ready to pour her 10-inch shells into the defenceless water front.

The Ship Begins to Crack

The danger was from fire, a threat more imminent and terrible than if an enemy had sent a squadron of fire-ships drifting into the port. As the Seminole lay helpless on the shoals she began to crack, and her rivets began to fly with sounds like pistol shots. What might happen if she were left there had been foreseen, and tug after tug, singly and coupled, had tried to drag her off the bank. It was in vain. In the darkness she fractured her hull, and by the strong smell the salvage men knew that the cargo of oil from her tanks was pouring into the river.

Liverpool was not unprepared. When the vessel went aground it was feared that the worst might happen. Over seven miles of river frontage the fire-fighting appliances had been got ready. The fire brigades of Liverpool and Bootle were called out. If once the floating oil caught fire a wall of flame would sweep over the docks and among the shipping. If this catastrophe had taken place damage to the extent of millions of pounds might have been done; for, in spite of all the precautions that were taken, the firemen would have been almost helpless in dealing with such a gigantic fire.

Danger of Sparks

If anyone had dropped a match among those floating tons of oil, spreading over the waters for many square miles, the Mersey would have been a river of fire. On all the ferry-boats to Wallasey and Birkenhead the funnels were fitted with wire gauze to keep sparks from flying on to the water. No smoking was allowed on ferry-boat or dockside. Every passing ship was warned to give the Seminole a wide berth. Steam wagons were not allowed to cross the river on the heavy ferries.

All these precautions might have proved unavailing but for the fortunate circumstance that the Seminole did not break up till the tide was beginning to ebb. The oil that gushed out of her was

A Jump in the Alps



Thousands of English people are now enjoying winter sports in the High Alps of Switzerland, and here we see one of them jumping over a friend while skating at St. Moritz.

carried seaward, and the fears that it might flow back again in quantities sufficient, to keep alive the danger were happily not fulfilled. But all the day after Liverpool and its docks kept anxious watch, not daring to relax their vigilance.

How much it was needed, and in what dire peril a great city can be from the most unforeseen and unavoidable accidents, was realised the next day, and for several days afterwards, when the fumes of the spirit could be smelled all along the water front and for a mile inland.

The chief sufferers were the gulls. Many of them were poisoned by the fumes, and their dead bodies drifted with the stream or were stranded on the sandbanks, which were drenched with the oil as the tides carried it to and fro.

One of the results of the accident to the Seminole has been to raise in a stronger form the demand for restricting the distance to which oil-tankers should be permitted to come up the Thames Estuary. Who knows that Liverpool's danger yesterday may not be London's tomorrow?

WHAT COULD A POOR CRIPPLE DO?

A fine illustration of what may be done by those who try comes to us from Hyde.

At the time when a recent gale caused so much havoc at Fleetwood a girl of fourteen lay in bed with her leg in plaster, recovering from an operation.

She read about the suffering and distress at Fleetwood, and her kind heart was filled with a desire to help; but she was poor in this world's goods. What could she do, ill and fast in bed?

She determined to try something. She persuaded someone to buy for her a number of small dolls, and she begged the other materials needed for making a number of doll pincushions. It was tedious work, but she persevered till she had made 250.

Then kind friends came along and sold the dolls for her, and she was able to send to the Mayor of Fleetwood a contribution of £6 5s.

Annie Oldham's contribution was a handsome one, but handsomer still is her display of the sympathy that makes the whole world one.

THE LION THAT PROWL BY DAY IS HE CHANGING HIS HABITS?

Why the King of Beasts Must Be Made Afraid of Man

HUNTING HIM WITH DOGS

By Our Natural Historian

Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey. The Sun ariseth, they gather themselves together and lay them down in their dens.

Of the many vivid Bible pictures of animal life in ancient days none is more true than that of lion life and habit as a whole. Even if lions roar and stalk late on cloudy, misty mornings a burst of sunshine sends them skulking home. But a wonderful and terrible thing has been happening in Uganda, falsifying the Psalmist's words.

In the area south of the Magadi Railway, toward the Tanganyika border, lions have begun hunting cattle and men by daylight. Creatures wont to prey by night have come out into the full glare of day to attack the Masai herds and strike down the native guards.

Hunting By Daylight

The Game Department was bound to act, and they have done so in a novel and interesting way. Normally lions have to be sought at night and slain by guns held in unseen hands. A noted white huntsman has been engaged for four months to hunt with dogs and slay the lions by daylight.

The reason for this move is twofold. Not only has the number of lions to be reduced, but the fear of man must be recreated in the hearts of the survivors. Unhunted, the great beasts have ceased to regard human beings with terror; their liberty has become licence, and they kill natives as contemptuously as a cat kills mice.

It is commonly said that acquired character cannot be transmitted, but as Uganda lions are now born man-slayers the argument is in some peril of being upset. The Uganda hunters are to re-establish the sovereignty of human beings, and that can be done only by instilling fear into adult lions, which will impart the lesson to their young.

Buffalo's Changed Habits

Apart from the thrill of the great adventure there is a deep scientific interest in the position. It has been noticed that African buffaloes, night-feeding animals from of old, have become day-feeders, apparently so that they may not be abroad and in conflict with their only foes, the lions. Now we have the lions following suit and extending their bold forays by daylight. Did they change habits to keep pace with the wily buffalo, or merely for domestic supplies?

E. A. B.

A FALSE LIFE OF JESUS

THE KING OF KINGS FILM

Hollywood Reaches Out Beyond Its Powers

PICTURES THAT MIGHT BE WORSE

We think many of our readers will expect the C.N. to say something about the remarkable film now being shown in London called *The King of Kings*.

There are, no doubt, two schools of thought about such a film: there are those who think that it should not be done, however well it can be done, and those who think it may be done if it is very well done. This film will not satisfy either school of thought.

What They Cannot Understand

It may be said at once that the film is much better than anything that could have been expected from Hollywood. We are seeing it at its best in this country, for over a thousand feet of it have been cut out, and we do not, therefore, know how crude and terrible some parts of the original were. There are still some parts we think should not be shown, but on the whole what is left is surprisingly free from objection. Nobody expected Hollywood to understand the life of Jesus, and we remain entirely unconvinced by what Hollywood has done. They should have left the whole matter alone as being beyond their powers.

What Hollywood cannot understand is the power of simplicity, the appeal of a quiet and beautiful thing. All they can see in the life of Jesus is a few sensational incidents, and these they have filmed to make up a Hollywood reel. When the incident is not sensational enough for them they have gone outside the Bible. Some of the things they have done are unpardonable and untrue; some of the things hurt a little as we look at them; and in no picture do we get a satisfying impression of the personality of Jesus. It is not easy to think of the figure we see on the screen drawing all men unto Him.

A Painful Scene

Some crudities in this film we were very sorry to see. We are not thinking of some obvious slips of carelessness, such as the spelling mistake in the very first words thrown on the screen, or the misquoting of the words of Pilate and even the words of Jesus. What was painful was to see Christ hurrying into Gethsemane; to see the look of something like cunning at least once upon His face; and to see at last all the Hollywood machinery of sensation at work in an earthquake, hurling innocent and guilty alike to destruction.

It was all as if the life of Jesus had not been; it was the Old Testament's God of vengeance back again. Resist not evil, Jesus said, but Hollywood has forgotten it; it gives us, instead, the idea that God revenged Himself after Calvary by a massacre for which there is no authority whatever outside the crude mind of Hollywood.

If It Must Be Done

It may be possible that the film will do no harm; it is even possible it may do good. It may set thinking thousands of people whom no book and no pulpit could reach. That is the only justification we can think of for a film which, though it might have been worse, ought in our opinion not to have been done. If it is to be done it should be done with greater understanding, by those who see in the Man of Galilee something more than a worker of wonders and are not willing for the sake of a little sensation to falsify the most beautiful story in the world.

420 MILES ON SKIS

A Girl's Thrilling Journey

THE NEAREST WE CAN GET TO FLYING

A girl undergraduate of Upsala University is going to make a 420-mile journey on skis.

Those who have had a winter holiday in Switzerland know that skis can be very difficult things to manage, and they will be filled with admiration for Bengta Olsson, the voyager.

Skis are narrow strips of ash, oak, or spruce wood with pointed upturned ends in front. They are usually about 7 feet 6 inches long, and the place where the foot is strapped on is about in the middle. Long gliding strides can be made with them over the snow, and they carry their wearers downhill as swiftly as a toboggan; but slopes have to be mounted sideways, and sometimes one ski will run away from its companion, to the discomfiture of the beginner. Skiing is the national sport of Norway, where ski races and jumping contests are held. The record jump, taken from a hillside, covered a distance of 134 feet, and the speed record is 138 miles in 21 hours 22 minutes.

Climbing and Gliding

Skiing is the nearest a human being can get to flying, and there is a wonderful exhilaration in rushing down a slope without moving the feet, feeling light as a bird.

Bengta Olsson will have to do much trudging and climbing, and we must not picture her continually gliding downhill. She is going right round Swedish Lapland, from Solleftea to Haparanda on the Baltic Sea. On her route she will meet nothing save mountains and Lapps, and it is a perilous tour. But the adventurous girl is confident that no mishap will befall her, and she is not afraid of being alone with the snows.

THE PIT-BOYS AT WINDSOR

A Sporting Victory

A football match which deserves to be famous, although no well-known players took part, was played at Windsor the other day. It was a perfect example of British sportsmanship.

On one side were eleven pit-lads from a Nottinghamshire coalfield and on the other a team from the Imperial Services College. Soccer was a game entirely new to the public schoolboys, who had only played Rûgger before, but the pit-lads are Soccer experts, and they defeated the college team by 13 goals to 3. Then the beaten team cheered the victors till the windows of Windsor rattled. Afterwards the pit-lads' captain, Charlie Goddard, called on his team to give a mighty cheer for "these splendid fellows who did not know anything of Soccer and have given us such a fine, sporting game."

The pit-boys wanted to say that they had only won because the other team did not know Soccer, and the public schoolboys wanted to say that the pit-boys would have won anyway because they are such magnificent players. Both teams felt that it did not much matter who won because they had had a fine game anyhow.

That night the pit-boys were the guests of the Imperial Services College, and the headmaster made a speech in praise of their good sportsmanship. Now they are back in the mines, but are looking forward to a return match one day.

We have heard a good deal about the public school spirit, and a very fine spirit it is. Now we know that the same spirit with another name is to be found in elementary schools as well. Good sportsmanship is the heritage of all British schoolboys alike.

Let us hope many more games will be played like this game on the muddy field at Windsor, not far from Runnymede!

AN OLD ROOM AT THE GRANGE

Its Journey Across the Atlantic

WHO PACKED UP THE GHOST?

When Queen Elizabeth was listening to Drake's tales of the New World across the Atlantic workmen were building a house at Broadhembury in Devon. The finest room in it was the drawing-room, 32 feet long, panelled in carved oak.

It was a place to linger in, for the wood was covered with stories. There were scenes from Roman history, scenes from legends, and mixed up with gods and heroes and impossible monsters were English coats-of-arms. Many a child, we may be sure, has spent hours gazing at the storied walls and gone to bed to dream of mermaids and Ulysses.

Where Charles the First Slept

How could Lord Henry Wriothesley bring himself to sell such a wonderful place? He seemed to think it was better to go to London and be made Lord Chancellor than to stay in his oak-panelled room in Devon. But the new owners were faithful, and the Grange remained in their family for nearly three hundred years.

In the year of the Battle of Marston Moor Charles the First came to Broadhembury Grange, and was given the oak-panelled room. That night there were doubtless armed men at the door, and a king who could not sleep lay tossing on the bed.

Of course the old room acquired its ghost in time; rats behind wainscoting have created quite a number of such spectres. What with the ghost, the carving, and the fact that it had been described by an expert as being probably in finer preservation than any other in the kingdom, the old room grew to be famous.

In a New York Skyscraper

And now a thing has happened which would have amazed the Elizabethan workmen who made it. The old room has been taken across the Atlantic.

It has been set up in a dealer's show-rooms in a New York skyscraper; perhaps it has already found a purchaser. But we should very much like to know if the dealer is prepared to give a guarantee that the room is sold complete with panelling and ghost. Without the ghost the room loses part of its historic interest. Did anyone see the ghost packed up?

A CATASTROPHE ON THE WAY?

Biggest Since the Ice Age

Nature is preparing a catastrophe in Switzerland greater than any of its kind, it is said, since the Ice Age.

A mountain 5000 feet high is splitting, and some 7000 million cubic feet of rock may fall into the valley below. This is the Motto d'Arbino, near Bellinzona, above Lake Maggiore.

The fissures first appeared nearly 40 years ago, and have been widening ever since. Several villages on the mountain-side have already been deserted. Happily, there is only one place of any importance directly concerned, a large village called Arbedo. But if 150 million tons of rock fall into the valley they will make a dam at least a thousand feet high, turning the Traversagna stream into a great lake. Such a dam, thus casually constructed, would quickly give way, and then what would happen to Bellinzona below?

A generation and a half ago the Plattenbergkopf, in the Canton of Glarus, collapsed in this way, but that was due to slate quarrying, and the fall was only about a twentieth of what is now threatened.

TEN LITTLE SHEPHERD BOYS

A Family's Good Tradition

Some time ago the C.N. published an account of some families with interesting old traditions. We hear of another.

There is an ancient Shropshire family named Fawkes, whose menfolk have been shepherds as far back as records go. It may be that even in Saxon times one of them was keeping his flock in England, and from father to son they have handed down their sheep knowledge until today.

Now the head of the Fawkes family is a shepherd aged 82, with ten shepherd sons. One is shepherd to the King of England, another serves the Duke of Richmond, and two others keep the flocks of Mr. Rockefeller in America.

How proud the old father must be that one of his sons is the King's shepherd at Sandringham, and how glad that none of his ten lads wanted to be tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, or anything but keepers of sheep!

From the beginning of time poets have loved the shepherd. The sun-god Apollo was supposed to have kept the flocks of King Admetus, and Jesus likened Himself to a shepherd. Some of the loveliest of Blake's Songs of Innocence are about shepherds and lambs.

But even in these days, when he has no wolves or eagles to fear, the shepherd's life is a hard one, and sometimes he will be at work from four in the morning till ten at night. Yet the shepherds do not complain, for they love their work.

ACROSS THE WORLD AT A MILE A MINUTE

Last lap! A fierce easterly gale was blowing. The thermometer had sunk well below freezing, but the car with Mr. Victor Bruce at the wheel spun round the Montlhery track near Paris at more than a mile a minute.

Last lap! It was over. Mrs. Bruce sprang out of the car and shook hands warmly with her husband. She and he in turn had been urging their car round the racing track for ten days and nights without stopping. Between them they had covered 15,000 miles in 220 hours. They had more than crossed the world at nearly 70 miles a minute!

AN OLD FRIEND OF INDIA

India ought to remember with gratitude Mrs. G. F. Sheppard, who has just died in London at 92.

Sixty-five years ago she went to India with her husband, and soon afterwards began to take an interest in medical work. In a recent report of Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association it is stated that "Mrs. Sheppard may be considered as the true pioneer of private nursing in India."

It was in 1887 that Mrs. Sheppard founded the Up-Country Nursing Association, and she lived to see a great harvest of health, knowledge, and happiness spring from her grain of mustard seed.

THINGS SAID

We have no rights without a duty.

Mr. Angus Watson

I love your people, but I loathe your climate.

M. Pachmann

The more I see of men the more I believe in women.

Lady Astor

The wife who makes both ends meet is a great financial expert.

Mr. F. E. Bailey

I should like to see the name of the owner of slum property put up on the door outside, so that all could read it.

Bishop of Southwark

My grandfather sat in the House of Commons 50 years and never made a speech.

Viscount Ullswater

January 7, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

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THE MEN OF THE TREES

WHY NOT JOIN?

A Remarkable Brotherhood
Now Taking Root in London

NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR SCOUTS

A remarkable Brotherhood, akin in some respects to our Boy Scouts, has been started among the Bantu tribes in Kenya Colony, and is likely to have a very useful influence in a number of ways. Its origin and growth have been romantic in a high degree.

What Sir Robert Baden-Powell has been to the Boy Scouts of the world Mr. R. St. Barbe Baker has been to the Forest Scouts of Kenya, the Watu wa Miti, or Men of the Trees. The C.N. has often spoken of them.

The African is naturally careless about the future, and prefers to be idle so long as his simple wants are supplied. So as he clears his forest land for such cultivation as he needs he neglects to plant trees in place of those he has destroyed. One serious effect of this destruction of the forests is that the rainfall and the water supply are lessened and the climate thus changes for the worse.

Waste and Danger

Mr. Baker, when Assistant Conservator of Forests in the Colony, became so impressed by the waste and the danger that he planned a league of prevention suited to the mental habits of the African. He had so won the confidence of the natives that they invited him to the Council of the Elders. To them he first explained his idea. He pointed out how much better it would be if instead of offering sacrifices and prayers for rain in times of drought to N'gai (the High God) they ceased to destroy the forests which condense the rain and planted trees to replace those already destroyed.

The chiefs discussed the idea and admitted that it was good. Then Mr. Baker proposed the formation of a Society of Forest Scouts on the model of the Boy Scouts. First he initiated all the chiefs as Forest Guides, or Scoutmasters. The African loves mystery, secrecy, and symbolism. He is thrilled by membership of a select society which appeals to his imagination. So entry to the Watu wa Miti was not for everybody. Three thousand warriors assembled, and the chiefs chose fifty for admission.

A Threefold Promise

Solemnity surrounds the initiation. A threefold promise is repeated:

I promise before N'gai to do at least one good deed each day, to plant ten trees each year, and to take care of trees everywhere.

Then a badge, decorated with green and white beads, is tied to the left wrist: green to bring trees to the mind and white to signify a clean heart. The Forest Scouts have a secret sign and a password signifying "We are one."

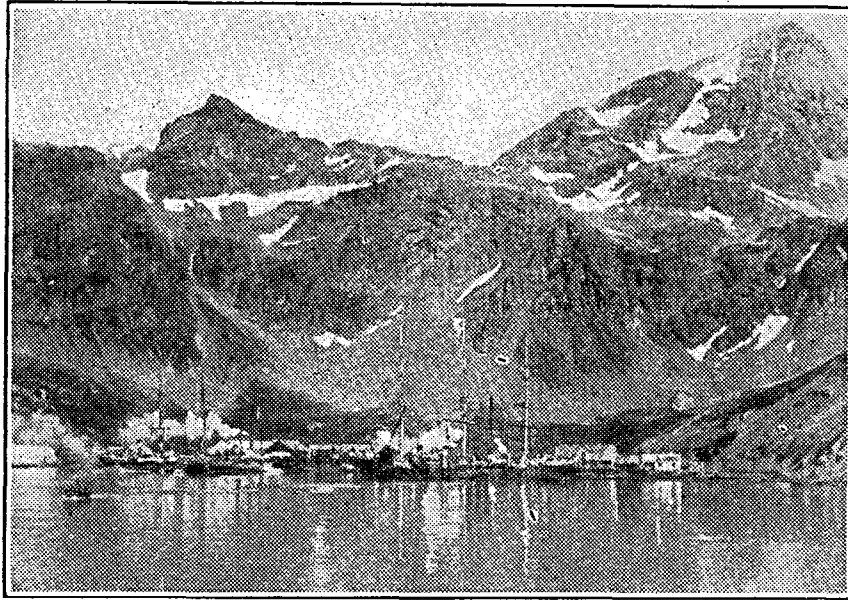
The whole association is called The Forest; its main divisions are Trees; its lesser divisions are Branches. To be a Forest Guide and head of a Tree a man must enlist 100 members.

Replacing Tribal Customs

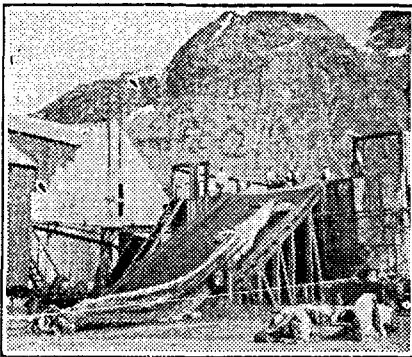
The Watu wa Miti has been immensely successful in numbers and in influence. It creates unity of feeling, a sense of responsibility for the future, leading to a strengthening of character. It is a training in government, replacing tribal customs that are decaying, so that moral effects go hand in hand with economic effects. So strongly is this felt that the Association of The Men of the Trees started in the Highlands of Kenya has now taken root in London. Its aim is, tree culture, with the spreading of knowledge about it. But also it sees in the expansion of this idea a means of building up a finer sense of citizenship.

The Hon. Secretary of The Men of the Trees Association is Mrs. Grant Duff, 16, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

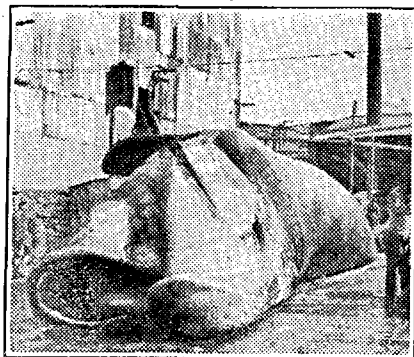
WHALERS IN THE ANTARCTIC



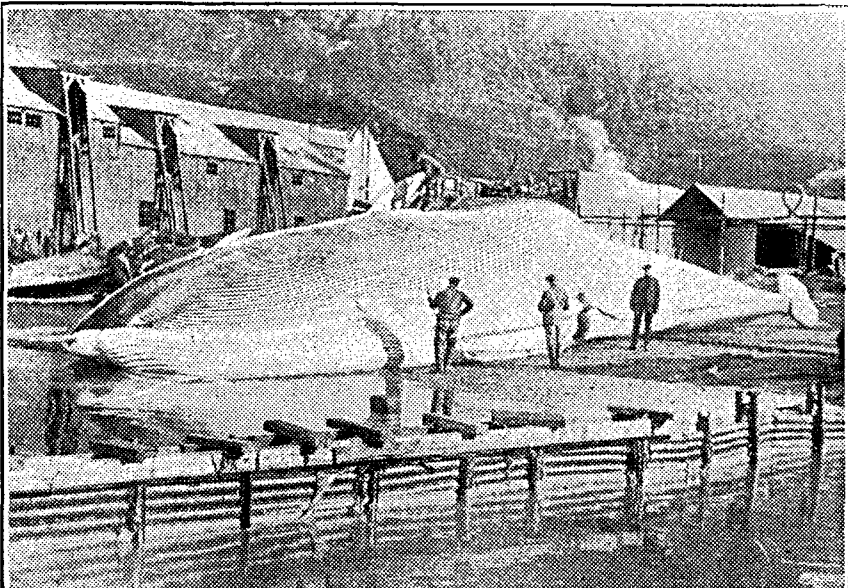
The first whaling station founded in South Georgia



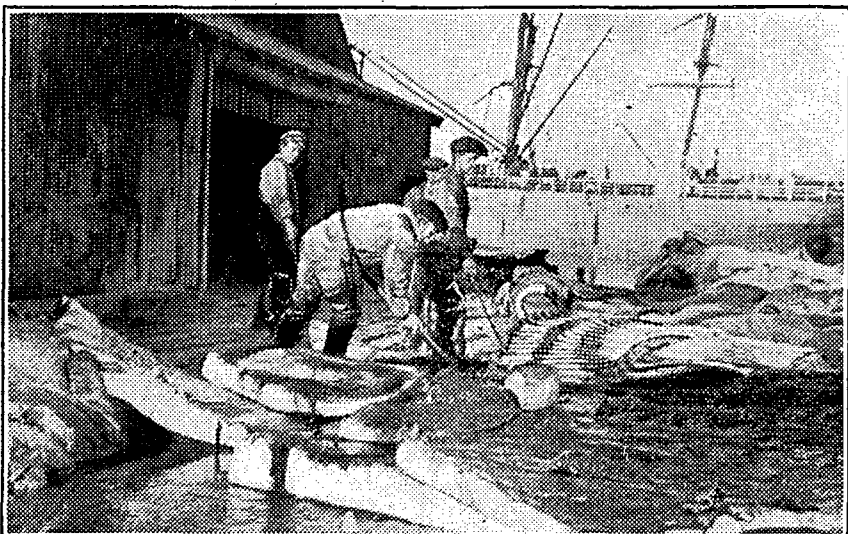
Dragging part of a whale up a slope



What a right whale looks like on shore



Cutting up a whale on the beach



Taking the blubber from a whale

Captain Scott's old ship the *Discovery* has recently returned from two years' research work in the Antarctic, where men have been investigating the life-story of the whale. These pictures show the latest photographs of the whalers at work in South Georgia.

IN SEARCH OF AN ECHO

HOW A LIGHT WAVE FOUND A SOUND WAVE

A Wonderful Little Bit of
Work at the Albert Hall

SOLUTION OF A MYSTERY

Does anybody want an echo? The notorious Albert Hall echo is going—going—gone! The mysterious sound has been found by a beam of light.

It was not sought by the man who in the story used to collect famous echoes, but by some scientific gentlemen who wanted to get rid of it because it interfered with the concerts.

In certain parts of the Albert Hall the audience could not hear the singers properly because their voices, after hitting the roof, were reflected back again to join with and confuse the original sound waves.

The Albert Hall is a large place. What parts of the roof played this musical trick? Was it done by the boxes or the back of the upper circles? The scientific gentlemen started to find out where the trouble lay. They sent a light in search of a sound.

A Beam of Sound Waves

First they brought on to the platform where the singer stands in front of the orchestra a bright metal bowl. It was shaped like the reflectors in Mr. H. G. Wells's tale of the Martians who attacked the world with heat rays. That is to say, it was a parabolic reflector which sent out rays in straight lines. The Albert Hall reflector was employed, not to send out heat rays, but light rays with what we may call a beam of sound waves.

From the bright bowl electricians shot out rays of light which all could see, and which could be watched as they searched the roof and the far corners of the hall with the wandering spot of light they produced.

Path of the Light

At the same time the bowl was sending along with them a chattering ripple of sound from an electric hammer in the bowl, the sound waves being concentrated as far as possible along the beam of light. These sound waves could easily be heard by anyone standing near the bowl, but it was only by faith that one could know they were following the path of the light.

A little way from the bowl was silence. In silence the little audience which watched the experiments saw the spot of light hovering about the dome. Then suddenly, as the beam paused, there came from the spot of light an echo that was like the twittering of fairy starlings. The beam had found one of the places in the Albert Hall which produce the undesired echoes.

Clothes and Sound

In that way it was found that the boxes were generally guiltless. The bad places were in the dome and at the back of the circles. There were several of them, each with its own variety of echo.

The next task was to find a way to stop them. An empty hall provides the richest collection of echoes. The number of them always lessens as the hall fills because clothes and the bodies in them are not such good echoers as walls of brick or stone and plaster. Women's clothes do not absorb sound so well as those of men.

Felt and woollen fabrics are sometimes used to stop echoes because they absorb sound waves as blotting-paper absorbs ink, but rather cheaper than either is a surface of pulped sugar-cane, and that is to be used in the Albert Hall.

STEEL WITHOUT A FURNACE

MELTED BY WIRELESS

A Revolution That is on the Way in Sheffield

IMMENSE BENEFITS TO THE WORKERS

Making steel without a furnace is the latest wonder of electrical science.

The steel is melted, but by a wireless current without any furnace, inside a wooden box quite cool to the touch!

The new invention is the Ajax Northrop high-frequency electric furnace for melting crucible tool steel, and it has been set up in the Edgar Allen works at Sheffield, side by side with the old process. It is by the contrast between these two processes that the marvel of the new invention is most quickly realised.

In the old process a number of clay pots, each containing about 60 pounds of metal, are heated in a furnace and lifted out one by one with long tongs by a man standing astride an opening at the top. One may imagine the heat to be faced and the strength required in such an operation.

How it is Done

Under the new process some 450 pounds of metal are put into a single crucible surrounded by an inch of sand, which prevents the radiation of heat. Round this sand is a coil, cooled by water, carrying a high-frequency alternating electric current. The whole is surrounded by a wooden casing, so that the apparatus looks no more than a big packing-case.

There is no contact between the coil and the crucible, still less between the coil and the steel inside it; yet, by a process like that of a wireless installation, the electricity in the coil generates heat in the steel; the steel, in fact, is melted by wireless. Eddy currents are set up, which not only melt the metal, but set it moving so violently that the surface in the middle of the pot is higher than at the sides. This secures the thorough mixing, which is one of the many advantages of the new process.

It means a revolution in the whole work of steel-making, and not the least of the gains will be an increase in the comfort of the workers. *Picture on page 12*

THE WILD BEAST ON ITS JOURNEY

What Happens to It

The trade in wild beasts has grown immensely since the war, and England is now its chief centre.

It is not very comforting, however, to hear that there is such clear evidence of bad arrangements for bringing wild things to zoos and private collections that the Zoo has appointed a committee to inquire into the matter.

The committee will look into the whole question of the transport of living creatures, from the time they are taken from their own native haunts until the time they reach their destination. A careful study of the boxes or crates they travel in, the food they are given in transit, the care with which they are looked after on the way, is certain to result in improved conditions.

Although the study of zoology is of great importance, we must not forget that many animals hate being taken away from their native haunts, even though their lives are in greater peril in the jungle than they could ever be in captivity. No doubt it is desirable for each country to have its zoos and to stock them with specimens of every possible living thing; but in depriving these creatures of their liberty for our own ends we can at least ensure that they are spared all needless suffering.

Parliament Thinks for Itself

WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE PRAYER BOOK

The Memorable Day When the House of Commons Spoke for the Soul of the Nation

THE LOVELY BOOK OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH OF ENGLAND

A great and dramatic event has occurred in the history of religion in England. It came without warning, and the very people who brought it about were surprised at its coming.

The new Alternative Prayer Book, laboriously prepared by the Bishops of the Church of England and approved by the democratic Church Assembly, the fruit of 60 years of discussion and 20 years of work, has been summarily rejected and forbidden by the House of Commons. No one expected such a thing to happen.

The Church of England is established by the authority of Parliament. The authority exercised by its Bishops and its Convocations is authority delegated to them by Parliament, and Parliament can revoke or modify it. That is to say, it is a State Church.

The Church Assembly

But eight years ago Parliament gave the Church a new charter of self-government to be exercised through a new National Assembly "to deliberate on all matters concerning the Church of England and to make provision in respect thereof." To preserve its ultimate supremacy Parliament required that before any measure passed by the Assembly could become law a resolution must be adopted by both Lords and Commons directing that it should be presented to the King for his assent.

When the Assembly, by overwhelming majorities, adopted the measure embodying the new Prayer Book it was generally supposed that Parliament would pass the resolution presenting it for the King's consent as a matter of course. Though there were great differences of opinion, there was a great deal of friendly sympathy outside with the efforts of Churchmen to set their house in order. There have been wide differences of opinion within the Church on questions of doctrine and methods of worship, and outsiders accustomed to freedom in such matters felt sympathy with the endeavour to secure greater freedom for its members.

Liberty and Obedience

There had been trouble because many people wanted to go a very long way in the direction of Rome on these questions. The existing law against doing so had not been enforced because it was felt that the law was too strict for these days of tolerance in religious matters. So the proposal was that people should be allowed to go a substantial step farther than was permitted by the existing Prayer Book, on the understanding that transgression beyond the new limit would henceforth be stopped. Thus the new measure was to confer at one and the same time both wider liberty and stricter obedience.

So the country looked on with friendly interest, on the whole, on this work of Prayer Book revision, especially as many of the changes had nothing at all to do with Rome but merely brought the Prayer Book into closer relation with modern thought and feeling.

That was the mood in which probably a great majority of the House of Commons came together to consider the motion "that this House do direct that the Prayer Book Measure, 1927, be presented to His Majesty for royal assent." How the majority for the book was converted in a few hours into a majority against it is one of the most dramatic stories of our politics.

The first thing that Members began to realise was the difference between their responsibility as ordinary citizens and their duties as Members of Parliament. This Church which had been granted

self-government was still the Established Church of England. It was responsible to Parliament for the teachings it set forth. Probably Parliament ought not to have to concern itself with such matters; probably this Church, like any other church, ought to be free to offer what teaching it thought right. In that case it should be disestablished and made responsible to no one but its own members, like other Churches. But that was not the question before the Commons. They were dealing with a State Church, and not only was the Church responsible to them, but they were responsible to the country for its teaching.

They knew that the country was overwhelmingly Protestant, and utterly out of sympathy with the Romeward tendencies of some Churchmen. They knew that an important minority of those inside the Church opposed the changes as Protestants. They knew that there was another important minority inside the Church, calling themselves Anglo-Catholics, who had declared that the changes did not go far enough, and that they would continue their disobedience. It is urged that these people wish to join the Roman Church and to take their English Church with them.

The Law and the Law-breakers

The Commons had to consider, too, what prospect there was that the Bishops, who had failed to enforce the old law, would be able to secure respect for the new. Was it a good way of dealing with law-breakers to tell them that some of the illegal things they had been doing should now be made legal simply because they wanted to do them? Were they to alter the law to suit the law-breakers? as the Home Secretary asked in perhaps the best speech he has ever made.

So, reluctantly and very sadly for the most part, Members of Parliament who have been lifelong believers in religious freedom were compelled to decide that this freedom, in these circumstances, must not be granted. Of course there were Churchmen in the House who believed that it was right to have a State Church and to impose Protestant teaching on it by law, just as there were Churchmen who believed in a State Church free to teach what it likes. But the people who turned the majority for the measure into a minority were the people who accepted neither of these views, people who believed in freedom and disbelieved in a State religion; and these were very far from shouting for joy over the votes they were compelled to cast.

An Impassioned Appeal

One of the very best speeches made in the House was by Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell, a Labour Member; there can be no doubt that his impassioned appeal for Protestantism had a very deep influence on the course of events. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, also, was a stalwart champion on the majority side.

People say it is very seldom that votes are influenced by argument in the House of Commons. That is because the vast majority of questions to be decided are questions on which the Government of the day has made up its mind, and it expects its followers to follow it. But in this case neither Government nor Opposition was committed beforehand either way and members of the House were compelled to think for themselves. And think for themselves they did! They have made it clear that the country is religious at its core, and that it will not have undone the noble work of the Reformation 350 years ago, when England became a Protestant nation.

WILGIDI'S TOTEM

The Harmless Reptile That Must Not Be Touched

A CHILD OF LONELY AUSTRALIA

From Our Correspondent in the Wild Spaces

Our Australia correspondent with the aboriginal population sends us this pathetic illustration of their totem system.

Every native who dies has a personal "familiar," some kind of animal, bird, and so on, which scientists call his totem.

Quite recently Wilgidi, a little girl about seven years old, died. Her totem was the mingari, a little reptile. Wilgidi had never killed a mingari, and now that she is dead no one will try any more to catch mingari and sell them to the passengers on the trains, for they were Wilgidi's totem, and a totem must not be touched. So this harmless little creature, with spikes sticking up all over its body (the mountain devil is its common name), will be able to live and eat the tiny black ants which are its only food and are a pest to white people.

Crying to Her Mother

Wilgidi brought me many little mingari, for she knew I should never hurt her totem. We played with them a little and then let them go. Wilgidi is not resting in her grave according to native ideas, but is crying to her mother to come to her, and her mother hears the cry and cannot eat or sleep because her child wants her. It will not be long before her mother comes. I know she is mourning, though she is many miles from her child's grave. And there is no one to comfort that poor mother, for her man has another wife with whom he travels to and fro, and she did not like Wilgidi, and is glad the little child is dead.

It is a sad picture, but it is well that we should know how men and women live in other parts of the world, especially these simplest and feeblest of all the people in our far-flung Empire.

HELPING HOSPITALS TO PAY

Voluntary Subscriptions

It was prophesied long ago that the voluntary hospitals would soon have to follow the voluntary schools and accept public control, but evidently the fulfilment of the prophecy is still a long way off.

People came to feel that the education of the children was a matter that should be seen to by the State, and so dropped their voluntary subscriptions to the schools. But the care of the sick still appeals to the instinct of compassion, and though after the war the hospitals had a terrible struggle to make ends meet their difficulties are apparently passing.

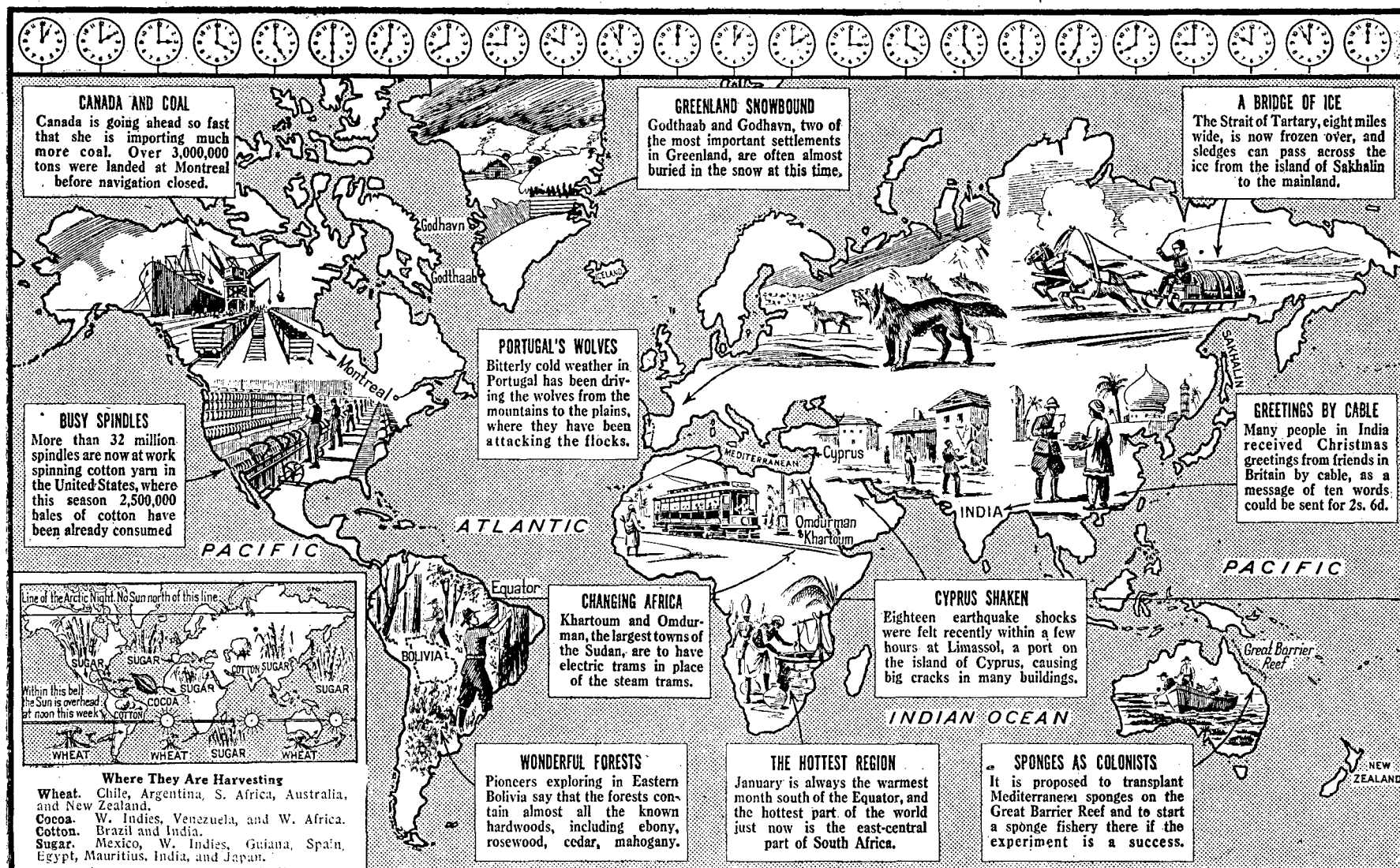
The amount raised by subscriptions increases, and some 75 per cent of the hospitals show a balance on the right side. Over eight million pounds in new money is raised in a year. During five years the invested funds of the hospitals have been increased by six millions.

But an even more hopeful and impressive fact is the increase in what are known as contributory payments, made by friendly societies and others to enable their members to secure free treatment in times of illness. These payments have gone up in five years from £25 to £35 a bed, and it is said that every hospital in which contributory schemes have been fully developed has practically come to an end of the financial difficulties that confronted it.

Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Beyrout | Bay-root |
| Glarus | Glah-roos |
| Godthaab | Got-hawb |
| Maggiore | Mahd-jo-ray |
| Tanagra | Tan-ah-grah |

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE SANTON MARKET A Christmas Festival at Marseilles

The traveller visiting Marseilles a few weeks ago witnessed a sight seen nowhere else, the Santon Market. This is a long row of stalls with clay figures for the decoration of the crib every Provençal home exhibits at Christmas-time.

The santon is Italian in origin, but the craftsmen of Provence have made the figures in their own way for centuries. We see them walking down the paste-board hill, along the narrow way bordered with twigs of olive and moos. An old peasant woman is bringing a cradle, a shepherd leads his flock, a woodcutter bears a load of faggots, a miller his finest meal, a rich farmer a fat fowl, a fisherman his prize. People of every description are in the pageant—knife-grinders, masons, carpenters, hawkers, lackeys, children, the crippled, the blind, the worshippers, and the Wise Men.

All these figures are the product of a local industry in which about twenty families are engaged. The art of making them is handed down from father to son, and all share in it. The work is done in the evenings, and the workers are busy all the year round. When the clay figures have been moulded and dried they are washed and painted with the soft tints of the countryside.

Every self-respecting family has its collection of santons, and as the traveller wanders round the market he is reminded of the little Tanagra figures of the Greeks, and wonders if the Marseilles people have not inherited their affection for the santons from their distant forefathers.

TO ONG CHOO GUAN

The first Christmas card received by the C.N. this year was from Ong Choo Guan of Taping. A Happy New Year, Ong Choo.

THE POET AND THE CARGOES

A Word to Mr. Masfield

There is a famous song by John Masfield describing the different sorts of cargo carried by ships down the ages.

In the days of Nineveh, he sings, ships carried ivory and apes and peacocks; now they carry firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

But the poet would think less sadly of modern cargoes if he saw the news the other day that when the Ceramic arrived at Tilbury she had on board wallabies, emus, cockatoos, parakeets, and chinchinchee plants. Chinchinchee is a member of the onion family, but without the strongly-marked characteristic of the British branch, and it has big satiny blooms which last for two months after they are cut.

The Ceramic's cargo, it seems to us, compares favourably with apes and peacocks. Will Mr. Masfield absolve shippers of the crime of being unromantic, and write a fresh verse about emus, cockatoos, and wallabies?

HOT WATER EVERYWHERE

Paris Leads the Way

Paris is to have a municipal hot-water and steam-heating supply.

It is one of the great ideas that are bound to come, and the plan has been adopted already in America and Germany, though not on the scale now contemplated. A beginning is to be made by supplying 7000 flats north of the Opéra, and that will take five years, but it is intended to extend the scheme to the whole city.

The pipes will be carried in tunnels and the cost of construction will be £100,000 a mile, but the cost to householders will be no greater than that of fire and stoves, and it will largely get rid of the smoke nuisance.

A QUEER LITTLE DISCOVERY

Samuel Wesley and Old William Byrd

Samuel Wesley, the composer, like his father Charles Wesley, the hymn writer, was a very industrious man who produced much poor work and some that was exceedingly good.

But it has lately been discovered that some very good music hitherto attributed to Samuel Wesley is not his at all. Mr. Walter Gandy, of Morley College, was struck by the similarity of a Christmas Motet copied from Wesley's manuscripts in the British Museum to a motet (a short piece of religious music) by old William Byrd, the great Elizabethan composer.

Comparing them line by line, he found that words and music were exactly the same. Since then no fewer than nine of Byrd's works of a similar character have been found copied in Wesley's handwriting. Thus we now know that these motets, far from being Wesley's composition, are merely a proof of his interest in 16th-century music.

He made his copies never dreaming that they would be taken for anything else, or that they would ever become the treasures of Britain's national library.

IGNORANCE DUE TO THE WAR

One of the many evil effects of the war is shown in a remarkable manner by the figures published in France of young people who can neither read nor count.

This was particularly noticeable in the young recruits for military service, as the number of those unable to read or count has doubled since 1912. The northern districts of France, which suffered greatly during the German occupation, are the most illiterate. To improve the sad state of these young people the military and civil authorities are cooperating in the organisation of educational courses.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ARABIAN DAY

The Nairn Brothers and Their Great Adventure

The other day a Syrian gentleman said to an Englishman: "Why do you not have fixed basins in your hotel bedrooms? We have them in Bagdad."

It sets us thinking of that Eastern city and of the wonderful Nairn brothers, two New Zealanders who have organised the service of cars running weekly between Beyrout and Bagdad.

A lady who travelled across the desert with the Nairn brothers recently has told of the endurance of these men. The Nairn in charge of the car in which she was a passenger drove from 6.30 a.m. on Friday till 2.45 p.m. on Saturday with only a four-hour break, and constantly did 36 hours at a stretch with less than two hours' sleep. He drove beautifully over some of the worst roads in the world. The roads are so soft that the car sinks into the sand. The black lava boulders over which the cars run are often starred with marigolds.

The Nairns think things out carefully. Each car is responsible for the car behind, and if it does not appear in a quarter of an hour the first car goes back to see how things are with it. They pay toll to the Sheiks to keep the road safe. They carry the mails to Mesopotamia, which is why they cover the seven hundred miles so quickly. Everything is thought of, food is carried on board, and the Nairns wash up adroitly with their capable hands.

It is a great thing, this long drive—a dashing adventure. If a car broke down in a lonely place and ran out of water the people in it would perish of drought, but that possibility seems to keep nobody from the great chance of going by convoy to Bagdad.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 7 1928

1927 Calling

We seem to hear 1927 calling to 1928, broadcasting some of the things for which it will be remembered.

It has seen a great step taken toward the final conquest of distance; men have begun to speak to one another across the Atlantic Ocean.

It has given us a final assurance of a national Shakespeare Theatre in Shakespeare's birthplace.

It has destroyed the solitude of the lighthouse-men by linking them up with wireless, enabling them to share in our delights.

It has seen the setting free of hundreds of thousands of slaves in Burma and Sierra Leone.

It has seen the peaceful settlement of a problem that disturbed South Africa, giving the South Africans a flag which satisfies their love of home and the bond that binds them to us.

It has made it certain that there will be built a memorial hall to Cecil Sharp, carrying on the splendid work he did in gathering folk songs.

It has made the monkeys at the Zoo much happier in a splendid new house, and has given the reptiles one of the finest reptile houses in the world.

It has seen a great awakening to the need for playing fields for the children of the nation, and hundreds of thousands of pounds have been raised for this purpose.

It has seen the opening of a kindly rest-house at a prison gate, where many sad hearts will be consoled and new hopes born.

It has seen the saving for the public of many famous places of interest and beauty.

It has seen the withdrawal of 8000 French troops from the Rhine, one step nearer to peace.

It has seen the gift to the nation by a generous Ipswich citizen of Constable's Flatford Mill, and, thanks to the same good citizen, the opening of a fine rest-house for tired journalists.

It has enabled a man to stand in a room in Australia and speak to London.

It has seen the cleaning of the beautiful windows of the Abbey and the noble gates of the Chapel of Henry the Seventh and the restoration of the wonderful roof of St. George's at Windsor.

It has seen the end of a state of war on the borders of Poland, and the hope of new friendliness between France and Italy.

It has seen new steps taken toward industrial peace, and has lost fewer working-days through strikes than any other year since the war.

They are good things, but we seem to hear 1928 say, as he listens to all this broadcasting, Not so bad Old 1927, but I can do better than that.

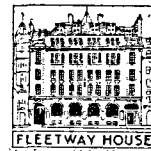
And so Good Luck to 1928.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Tax on Ugliness

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon be thinking out his Budget. May we suggest that he gives county councils the power to make a list of ugly advertisements which can be taxed?

A Black List of advertisements in every county, which could be added to from time to time, would be an admirable restraint on the spoilers of the countryside, and those who would not refrain could have the pleasure of subscribing ten pounds a week to the Treasury until further notice.

Nursery Lessons for Theatre Managers

THE C.N. would have liked a few managers of theatres to have been in a certain nursery the other day. We think they might have learned two lessons.

A play was to be acted, and Margaret, aged eight, and John, aged six, were arranging the seats.

"These will be the sixpenny seats and these will be the fourpenny seats," said Margaret, "and this one shall be free, in case somebody comes in who hasn't any money."

That is the first lesson we think the theatre managers might learn.

"But nobody will be able to see from there," said honest John.

"Of course not, silly!" said scornful Margaret. "That's why it is free."

Having paid more than once for seats from which nothing can be seen, *we think that is the second lesson the managers might learn.*

A Thief

A WISE man has been describing noise as "the most inveterate thief of health."

Whether we hear the din of a city or not it injures our health by fretting our nerves. We may be so busy with our work that we do not hear the thunder of motor-lorries or the disgraceful string of reports made by the motor-cycle hooligan, who is still laughing at the Home Secretary and his threats; but all these sounds strike on the drum of the ear and set up irritation in the nerve centres.

What will become of us unless we rise up and insist that no individual shall be allowed to make noises which are a nuisance to his neighbourhood?

Some people think the most crying need of the time is a Noise Abatement Act. We are getting rid of Smoke; if we are wise we shall begin to get rid of Noise. If any of our boys want to be inventors let them think how they can get rid of noise in factories, streets, and railway stations. The future of Civilisation is bound to be Speed without Sound.

A man may live in a palace, but the palace for him may be a poorhouse still.
R. W. Trine

All Sorts of People

ONE of the newspapers reports the following piece of dialogue:

I have a girl friend who plays the piano perfectly by ear.

Pool! I know an old chap who fiddles with his beard.

We will only add that we know people who harp on their woes.

Tip-Cat

LONDON motor-bus drivers are the best in the world. If they were not we should have to make the best of them.

MAMMOTH airships have no commercial value. Still, they manage to keep afloat.

THE man who never changes his views is a coward. But not if they are dangerous ones.

WHAT an unfortunate provision of Nature that the turkey's perpetual address to mankind should be *Gobble, gobble!*

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If painters catch cold working at the frieze

If laughter is good for the lungs the whole world owes something to Chicago.

WE read that a cow has been to a restaurant. But surely it is nothing new?

OUTSIDE the British Isles the haggis is unknown. Evidently it travels incog.

WE have been reading of an editor who has been sent to the workhouse. Peter Puck knows one who would be quite at home there.

A NEWSPAPER announces a shortage of bananas. It is old news. We heard it a few years ago.

The Hog and the Bird

WALKING along the main road in the West Country one morning last summer when birds were greeting the day with song, a C.N. reader found three birds whose cheery piping will be heard no more, a thrush, a wren, and a blackbird, all pitifully crushed against the hard road after being knocked down by cars.

It is, alas! becoming more common every day to find birds killed in this way on our country roads. The flight of a bird may be quick, but it is not quick enough to escape the furiously-driven car, which stuns it and maims it, and leaves it lying in the road to be run over. It seems hopeless to expect that any plea for consideration of the birds will be listened to by those motorists who cannot travel fast enough whatever science does for them, but it is a shameful thing that the destruction of bird life should go on in this way.

The Jolly Little Porter

By Our Country Girl

WE drove up to Liverpool Street Station in a taxi, and the door was opened by a diminutive porter, whose broad smile and rich Cockney accent were like a warm welcome.

He swung one of our bags on to his shoulder, took the other in his hand, and trotted away ahead of us to the booking-office like a schoolboy going home for the holidays.

On the platform he told us that he had once been a victim of rheumatism and sciatica, but now was as fit as a fiddle, "an A1 man, and didn't half enjoy life, he didn't." We asked what had cured him, and he told us.

"I reckon it was the war (he said). You see, in the Army you get only so much food, and only at regular times, and in between you're not munching this and that, or lounging about with a fag in your mouth; at least, we weren't out in France, and I've never had a go of sciatica since."

Only Three Times

We asked him if he had been wounded. "Only three times!" he laughed. "Once I got it at the side of my nose, and it came out just by the ear. They sent me to a face school for that, and I came out in a few weeks without a scar. A friend of mine who lives in Shoreditch lost his jaw. The surgeon took away one of his ribs, made a jawbone of it, and now you couldn't see he'd been wounded. Why, he can grin as well as I can, and sing like a bird."

We congratulated him on his cheerfulness, and he smiled. "Well, what I says is this (said he), a cheerful heart doesn't do anybody any harm, and it helps a man to look about him and take an interest in other people. That's what I do. Take an interest in other people. Why, when I was in France I took an interest in the French farmers, growing vegetables in little bits of ground that wouldn't count in England; wonderful, it was. Oh, I take an interest in other people, I do. It's enjoying yourself—that's what I call it."

The New Arrival

You little New Year you, O where are you going?

The rivers are ice and the north wind is blowing,

The heavens are dark with their promise of snowing,

And you are so young, O you little New Year!

"I go toward Springtime, and whoso will follow

I'll lead him along to the cuckoo and swallow,

To rainbow and primrose and lambs in the hollow.

Have faith in my leading," said Little New Year.

And Little New Year said, "From Heaven they lent me;

To comfort the world so despairing they meant me;

With tokens of hope and renewal they sent me."

O hearts! become new with the little New Year.

January 7, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE GOOD HERO OF THE LAND

KING OF ABRAHAM'S CITY

Treasures 55 Centuries Old
Come to Light in Ur

2000 YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN

Mr. Leonard Woolley has found another lovely thing in Abraham's city, Ur of the Chaldees, where he is patiently carrying on his work of digging up the story of the past. This is a wig of red gold, and it was found in the grave of a man called Mes-kalam-dug, which means the Good Hero of the Land.

The good hero must have looked a grand hero when he wore this gold wig. It covered the head from the forehead to the nape of the neck. The gold was chased and shaped to imitate hair parted in the middle, with a plait going round the head and ending in a "bun" at the back. It is really quite interesting to find that heroes wore their hair in buns fifty-five centuries ago.

Glitter and Colour

The wig and ears and side-whiskers are all in one, beautiful gold ears with holes for listening, and holes for ornaments too. The gold wig must have been a little uncomfortable to wear, but the good hero had the reward of knowing that he looked handsome in it. He doubtless wore other things of splendour, and must have loved glitter and colour. There were ropes of gold and lapis lazuli beads found in the coffin, and trinkets of the kind the Queen of Sheba wore when she went to visit Solomon. All these things are 2000 years older than Tutankhamen.

Mr. Woolley found in the hero's coffin a copper scarf-pin with a little monkey in gold for a head, gold and silver earrings and finger rings, a wreath of gold mulberry leaves set on rows of lapis lazuli, and cornelian beads, and little amulets in the shape of animals.

Among all these feminine things were some spears and daggers, axes and swords; and, looking strange in such a collection, a handful of flint arrowheads.

The Silver Lamp

The body of the good hero had gone almost to dust, and the grand gold wig had rolled over to one side. At the foot still stood the silver lamp which was to guide the dead man's feet in the land of the grave, and by the coffin were heaped great masses of presents, vases, urns, and cauldrons in silver, gold, and copper, put there, just as we pile a grave with flowers, as presents to the dead.

And that is all we know about him. He was called the Good Hero of the Land, and he was buried in his best gold wig and beads about 3500 years before Jesus walked and taught in Galilee. Perhaps Mr. Woolley may still dig up tablets telling us the story of his life. In any case, it is wonderful to think of these beautiful things picked up in the city of Abraham, yet buried there as far beyond Abraham as we are from our King Alfred. Had they been dug up in Abraham's time they would have seemed wonderful, for they would have been a thousand years old then. Today they are 55 centuries old, and as lovely to look upon as anything made yesterday.

SPEEDING-UP A TREE

Canadian botanical laboratories are conducting exhaustive experiments to develop a type of poplar tree that will grow more quickly, and they are already meeting with considerable success.

The idea is to speed-up the great pulpwood areas which are being depleted at such an alarming rate.

PITY THE POOR PIGEONS

THE saddest thing that can happen among friends is for one of them to outstay his welcome, and that is what the pigeons of London town have been doing.

Many years ago they came as guests, and Londoners were so pleased to see them that they may easily have thought the more the merrier. The poor pigeons had no reason to think otherwise, and they have made themselves so much at home in the Guildhall yard, by the Mansion House, at St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the dark portico of the British Museum that where there used to be tens are now hundreds of them.

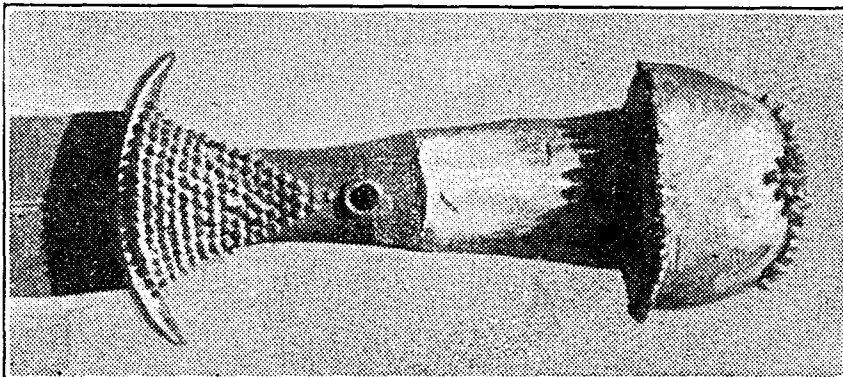
They have introduced friends and brought up families till now there is no denying that there are more of them than are wanted. So the edict

has gone forth that 2000 of them are to be painlessly removed. That might mean that other accommodation was to be found for them, but as a matter of fact it means that the 2000 will be seen no more.

It is rather a grievous thing. We might have hoped some other way of reducing the colonies of pigeons might have been found; perhaps that of sweeping out the eggs from the nests in the spring. That does not seem so hard-hearted as to wipe out the pigeons which, by long residence in London town, have come to regard themselves as freemen of the City and firm friends of their fellow-citizens.

It is like violating a pledge of peace to kill them. We hope we shall not be there to see the breaking of the old treaty.

1000 YEARS BEFORE ABRAHAM



The hilt of a gold and silver dagger



The king's gold helmet

During the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, described on this page, the tomb of one of the old kings was discovered, 55 centuries old. In it were many possessions of the man who ruled in the city of Abraham 2000 years before Tutankhamen lived. We give two of the most interesting articles from this tomb.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

All but 50,000 of our 170,000 teachers are now certificated.

Well Done, Woodstock

Woodstock Rural Council has asked for powers to reject plans of buildings which threaten the beauty of the countryside.

A Snake in the Post

Post Office sorters at Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, found a live snake 23 inches long among the mail bags the other morning.

English Church Music

A School of English Church Music is to be formed, in which Sir Walford Davies and Mr. Nicholson, late organist of the Abbey, are interested.

Back to Work at 72

Dr. Anna Kugler, who has twice been honoured by the Indian Government for her services as a medical missionary, is now returning to work in India aged 72.

Nearly 700 umbrellas were left in London vehicles in one day last year.

Towns and Their Dignity

Ramsgate and Rochdale Town Councils have passed resolutions against greyhound racing tracks.

The Queen's Tinfoil

Like many C.N. readers, Queen Mary collects tinfoil, and has just sent a packing-case of it to the Westminster Hospital.

A Kinema Dog

An American has been ordered to pay £25,000 for killing an Alsatian dog called Peter the Great, which acted for kinematograph films.

Two Nottingham Heroes

The King has awarded the Edward Medal to William Lloyd and Frank Boot, who entered a Nottingham building full of benzine fumes and dragged out a fellow-workman.

WHO OWNS A MOUNTAIN?

A PANIC OF 1000 A.D.

What Happened When the
World Was Expected to End

THE RICH MAN WHO REPENTED

"It is never too late to appeal," say the Italian lawyers, and they are now disputing a document 928 years old.

In those days there was a landowner who was a second Dives, rich and worldly. Among other estates he owned a mountain between the province of Naples and the province of Salerno. Probably there were vineyards and olive or lemon orchards on the lower slopes, and there was certainly a fine monastery called San Tifone above them. The monks were good tenants and brought their rent regularly to Dives's castle.

There came a day when Dives's wife found him very melancholy. She asked him if he had lost a hawk. No. Had a hunted boar killed a favourite hound? No. Was there news of disease in the vineyards? No. Then had robbers attacked his coffer, or wolves ravaged his flocks, or what other misfortune had befallen him?

An Age of Superstition

At last, in low, hoarse tones, the white-faced man told her:

"There is a hermit prophesying. Everyone is talking of it. The message was given him by an angel. The world is coming to an end!"

It was an age of superstition, and multitudes of people did believe the prophecy. One thousand years after the birth of Christ the world would end; the good would go to Paradise and the evil would be punished. Mankind had been given ten centuries to repent, and the time was drawing near.

The more Dives and his lady thought of it the more frightened they became, for their lives had not been saintly. At length they said:

"We will give the monks of San Tifone our mountain. Heaven will be pleased with us, and, after all, we shall lose nothing because it will be destroyed with the rest of the world. The monks will be our friends, and intercede for us on the Day of Judgment."

So a document was actually drawn up in which Dives gave the mountain to the monastery "in expectation of the end of the world in 1000."

After 928 Years

The dreaded year came, and terrible panic came with it. But the world did not come to an end, and in 1001 Dives demanded the return of his mountain estate. His bribe had been unnecessary, and he did not see why the monks should enjoy his grazing rights, his grapes, his olive oil, and his lemon harvest.

But the monks would not give back the mountain, in spite of many attempts at recovery made by Dives and his descendants. Now two communes are disputing over its possession. After 928 years no one is clear as to its owner.

How easy it is to laugh at the superstition of that old Italian who thought he could bribe God with a present of a mountain! But he was not less unreasonable than a silly twentieth-century motorist who tries to bribe the god of chance with a mascot. Superstition changes its form, but it does not die.

A GREAT FOUNTAIN

In memory of a brother killed in France a Chicago lady has erected a beautiful fountain in Chicago.

It is a thing of wondrous beauty, conceived on so vast a scale that it rivals the historic fountains of Versailles. Eleven million gallons of water pass through it in a single day. The basin is more than 300 feet across, and some of the myriad water-jets rise more than 100 feet in the air.

TWO FRIENDS AND A BIT OF LAND

What They Did With It A TALE OF GRIT FROM BUDAPEST

Shall we ever grow tired of the old saying "Where there is a will there is a way" while gallant boys and girls are ever finding new ways of proving it?

Twelve months ago two young Hungarians, a boy and a girl, left a certain horticultural school in Budapest fully qualified as gardeners and eager for a job. But jobs are shy things these days, not nearly so easy to catch as butterflies; and the two friends chafed and kicked their heels and wondered more and more what was to become of them when, quite suddenly, one of them had an idea. Why wait for other people to give them employment in their gardens when there were so many waste places around them which could be turned into a garden of their own? On the outskirts of the town was more than one vacant plot whose owner was waiting for times to improve before he ventured to build on it the house of his dreams. Could a better use be found for these than to bring forth flowers from them?

Luck and Pluck

The friends selected a two-acre plot suitable for their purpose, and, having to their great joy found the owner sympathetic and reasonable, they scraped together their spare pennies and paid in advance the very modest rent for a year. Then, realising the strength that lies in concentration, they proceeded to plant the whole of the two acres with carnations. All their pent-up energy, all their brand new knowledge, all their grim determination to succeed, went into those carnations, with results exceeding their wildest dreams.

Never had the Budapest florists seen such blossoms; they simply could not have enough of them. As luck (which so often lends a helping hand to pluck) would have it, the Italian lira began to rise just then, making it more and more difficult to import flowers from the Italian Riviera, so the young horticulturists had it all their own way, and woke one morning to find their carnations turned to gold!

Now they are looking for new worlds to conquer, and no one who knows them has any doubt that they will find them.

JUST TWO PEOPLE

By a Passer-by in Marseilles

Just at the rear of the busy, humming, noisy Cannebière at Marseilles there is an open space where you can walk in safety, and even stop to look around you in peace.

Into this place one brilliantly sunny day there stepped, hand-in-hand, an oddly-assorted pair—one a very ancient, bent, and withered man, one of the sad-looking haunters of the waste-bins put out on the kerbs of the streets for clearance, the other a tiny, fairylike girl, in a coarse drab frock.

She held in her hand a paper parcel, and no sooner did they reach the place of safety than she began to dance up and down with excitement, unwrapping the parcel as she did so.

Out of it she produced a pale yellow gossamer-like pinafore, gaily patterned as a butterfly. Clearly it was a gift from the old man. The child clapped her hands with glee. She thrust her dimpled arms into the openings. She danced perpetually on her little toes. Then arose the difficult problem of the buttons at neck and waist. The old man, with trembling fingers, drew the pinafore together over the clumsy frock, his task not made easier by the quivering excitement of the happy child. It was on! The child clapped her hands.

They made a most human and tender picture, and it dwells in the memory of one passing by who saw it.

MUSSOLINI'S BRAND NEW PARLIAMENT

How It Will Be Made ALTERING THE FLAG

One of Italy's New Year gifts from Mussolini is a new constitution. The old Parliament, though it does exactly what Mussolini tells it to do, is to be ungratefully abolished, and a brand new Chamber is to take its place.

The Minister of Justice has received his instructions from the Fascist Grand Council to draft a Bill.

It is a little surprising to hear that the new Chamber is to be elective, but too hasty conclusions must not be drawn from the fact. Manhood suffrage is to go, and the franchise is to be confined to members of the Confederation of Employers and Workmen selected for their soundness and to such members of other classes as are considered useful to the nation as a whole.

Not that the franchise will be particularly valuable even to these, for there will be extremely little to vote about. They will vote in a single nation-wide constituency, and the candidates will be selected for them by the Fascist Grand Council.

It is among these carefully-chosen candidates that the new electorate is to be allowed to choose.

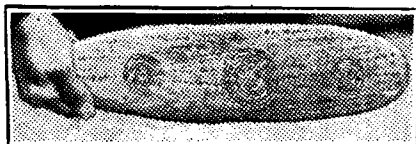
Meanwhile, as a perhaps unnecessary reminder of the reality of Fascist rule, the Italian flag is to have added to it the Lictor's Fasesces of Ancient Rome, the axe bound up in a bundle of rods carried before the magistrates as a symbol of their power.

THE BLACK MAN'S SACRED STONES

We told some months ago of a white man's removal of black men's sacred stones in Central Australia. Now a correspondent has sent us a picture of one of the stones, which we reproduce here.

The stones are flat and roughly oval, and are covered with strange carvings which to the black man have quite definite meanings.

To the black man his churinga stone, as he calls it, is his most precious possession while he lives, as it is the most



One of the sacred stones

precious relic of him when he is dead. In both cases it is to be fiercely guarded, and the black man who betrayed the hiding-place of these particular churingas now goes in terror of his life.

The black man believes he has two spirits, one of which dwells in his churinga, and he thinks that when he dies his two spirits join again. The Archbishop of Melbourne says that it was an outrage to remove these treasured objects from a hallowed spot.

BEAUTY FROM THE BEAST

What so free, do you think, as a reptile gliding along in its own southern swamp? Yet even these wild creatures are being trapped and killed and made into leather shoes.

The tanning of a reptile's skin is accomplished by means of secret mixtures known only to manufacturers. English and Dutch merchants first put on the market goods made from the skin of a water snake of Java and Sumatra. The fine ladies of Paris carry bags made from the skin of the terrible python and probably never think of it, though they would shrug their shoulders and tell you they were terrified of snakes. Even the fearful boa constrictor contributes its skin to the call of Fashion.

THE SCOUT AND THE SWASTIKA

From the Scouts G. H. Q.

One of the most interesting of all the badges the Boy Scouts love is the Thanks Badge, which takes the form of one of the oldest symbols in the world.

One of the first things the Chief wants every one of his Scouts to understand is, the duty of thankfulness.

In doing your duty to God (he says in the Handbook) always be grateful to Him. Whenever you enjoy a pleasure or a good game or succeed in doing a good thing thank Him for it, if only with a word or two, just as you say Grace after a meal. In doing your duty to man always be grateful for any kindness done to you, and be careful to show that you are grateful. Remember that a present given to you is not yours until you have thanked for it.

As soon as these words were written and the Boy Scouts became a recognised body of boys trying to do their job and to play the game for their side kindnesses began to be poured on them by people, many of them quite outside the Scout movement, and the Scouts soon felt the need of some way of expressing their gratitude besides merely saying Thank You to their kind friends.

The Threefold Promise

The Chief Scout therefore designed a Thanks Badge in the form of a Swastika, with the Scout fleur-de-lys superimposed on it.

The fleur-de-lys is the distinctive badge of Scouts. It is taken from the old North point of the compass and indicates to Scouts that they must point the way through life to other people. Its three leaves serve to remind the Boy Scout of his threefold Promise:

- To do his duty to God and the King;
- To help other people at all times;
- To obey the Scout Law.

The Swastika is the oldest "luck sign" in the world (it was used as long ago as the 13th century B.C.), and is usually described as representing a wish that "the four winds from the four corners of the world may blow prosperity on you."

The Swastika sign is found in every continent, and is so old that nobody knows its exact origin. Swastika is a Sanskrit word meaning good fortune or well being.

Good Turns Recognised

This Thanks Badge may be presented by any Scout or Troop of Scouts to any person who has done them a good turn or helped them in any way, whether it be their own Scoutmaster or some kind person who has lent them a field for camping, helped with a concert to raise funds, or done some of the many other good turns which people do Scouts.

Any Scout of whatever rank may confer this badge, and from the Chief Scout down to the youngest Tenderfoot thousands have availed themselves of the privilege.

Since the Boy Scout movement spread to other parts of the world, and the interchange of visits between Scouts of different countries became frequent, Thanks Badges have been worn by many people abroad as well as in England.

So the little ancient Good Luck sign goes back again to lands where it was known many thousands of years ago, bearing in addition to its good wishes a promise of service and brotherhood.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| 13th-century French psalter | £3500 |
| An autograph letter by Burns | £2000 |
| Italian Missal of about 1000 A.D. | £1700 |
| 14th-century illuminated book | £700 |
| Kipling's Schoolboy Lyrics | £700 |
| A book by Donato Giannotti, 1559 | £630 |
| A silver salt-cellar of 1635 | £247 |
| A 17th-century Dutch atlas | £130 |
| An Old English leather screen | £126 |
| A 1852 Trinidad stamp | £48 |

THE MEN NAPOLEON CAPTURED

A LITTLE DEBT OF LONG AGO

The Chickens and Salmon the English Prisoners Ate

WHO WILL PAY FOR THEM?

A French newspaper has discovered that Britain owes to France a little bill of a hundred years ago which, with unpaid interest, now amounts to over a hundred million pounds.

That is bad news for our overburdened taxpayers. It would be more serious if it were not for the good-heartedness of our French contemporary in suggesting that instead of being paid outright the debt may be set against France's debt to us. There seems no reason why in these circumstances we should hesitate to acknowledge the debt and agree to its being dealt with in the manner suggested.

How the Debt Arose

This is how the subtraction sum works out. Roughly France owes us some 6000 million pounds, and it is suggested that from this should be taken the 117 millions we are now alleged to owe France. Let France consider it done! In point of fact, that and much more has been done already, for of the 6000 millions we have already forgiven not one hundred millions, but something like 4000 millions, leaving only 2000 millions or so to be paid back.

But how did this debt of ours arise? In 1802, when the first Napoleon was First Consul of the first French Republic, he decreed that every Englishman then in France should become a prisoner of war. The bulk of these prisoners were interned at Verdun, and there they remained for eleven years.

When Peace Came

They seem to have had quite a good time. Wines and poultry came for them from Paris, and there is a record of a salmon weighing 60 pounds being served. They were allowed to go hunting, take lessons in dancing, and entertain their families and friends. For this they needed money, so they borrowed from the comfortable citizens of Verdun, and when peace came the bill against them had reached £160,000. But by that time the prisoners had been moved to Guéret.

At Guéret they heard in one breath of the entry of the Allies into Paris, the abdication of Napoleon, and the return of Louis the Eighteenth. They sang God Save the King, and five weeks later, on the signing of the Treaty of Paris, they were liberated and went their ways, completely forgetting their debts to the good people of Verdun. An article of the treaty provided that prisoners of war should not be liberated till their debts had been paid. But Guéret is far from Verdun, and the prisoners had had no time to make debts at Guéret, so no one put the treaty into force against them.

The Debt Already Cancelled

The people of Verdun protested when they realised what had happened; they went on protesting for 25 years, and the great Talleyrand duly presented their claims at the Court of St. James's. Twice they sent deputations across the Channel, but all to no purpose. The British Government insisted that it was a private and not a public debt.

And now, by the calculation of our French friends, that £160,000 has grown by compound interest to 117 million pounds. Of course we may still plead that it is a private debt; and that all those private debtors have long since left us, but let us rather be generous, admit the debt, and count it in as part of that 4000 millions of war debt which we have already cancelled. So we shall close the long account with honour to all concerned.

January 7, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

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MORE KINDNESS EVERYWHERE

TWO TALES FROM SCOTLAND

A Sad Remembrance of War Time

THE ORPHAN FROM RUSSIA

A Scottish correspondent sends us two more instances of the kindness that is everywhere.

At the end of a village in Perthshire a steep, narrow road leads up to the burial ground. There in the shadow of the kirk wall is a grave with a little wooden cross bearing the usual simple German inscription in memory of a prisoner who died while interned in a camp far up the glen behind the village.

Opposite, separated only by the foot-path, is the grave of a baby girl who had died in the same springtime. It is two years since our correspondent visited the place, but always when he went there after the war, once or twice a year, he found fresh flowers decking both graves, placed there by the parents of the little girl.

Uncle and Niece

This is the second story of kindness sent us by our Scottish correspondent. In a school in Scotland now is a Russian girl, orphaned as the indirect outcome of the troubles of her native land. Her uncle, who had been imprisoned in a room with eleven others, had seen his companions led out one by one and shot till only three were left. These three were liberated, and the uncle was given work again. He did his best for his orphaned niece, but was too poor to give her a chance in life. After a good deal of trouble her relatives in this country, a year ago, succeeded in getting her here.

A Scottish relative went to London to meet her. She was then fifteen, and he wondered how he would manage to entertain a lassie who had never been out of Russia. He knew it would be all right when she reached a Scottish home where there were plenty of cousins of varying degrees and ages, but he was doubtful of the journey.

First Place in English

But he need not have worried. When he met her she answered him fluently in his own tongue. Taking her the round of the London sights, he discovered that she knew more about them than he did.

She is passionately and intelligently fond of music, and if a jazz record is put on she covers her ears in agony. After less than a year in her Scottish school she has taken the first place in English. She is keenly interested in every line of study, especially engineering, for her great ambition is to learn so that she may go back and help to develop the resources of her country.

AMERICA PAYS

An Old Reckoning Cleared Up

George the Third was King and John Adams was President when the Americans seized the Canadian schooner Lord Nelson 128 years ago. They have now consented to pay for it.

The United States law courts have at last decided that they had no right to twist the lion's tail in that way, and have paid a cheque for £4500 to the patient Canadians.

The original owner of the Lord Nelson has long passed to his own account, though he never forgot this one while he lived. His heirs now number 125, so that they received £35 each as a Christmas box in the twentieth century for damage done in the eighteenth.

JOSEPH HOPPER OF WINDY NOOK

A Miner's Dream of Home 1500 COTTAGES

We were referring not long ago to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's dream that every aged couple receiving the Old Age Pension should also be provided with a cottage home rent free, and we expressed the hope that that dream would come true.

A courteous C.N. friend in County Durham sends us evidence that in 1500 instances in Durham the dream has come true, through the plans of the Durham Aged Mineworkers Homes Association. Not only have cottages been provided for the aged rent free, but in addition coal and water have been supplied free of charge.

What Durham is Doing

This movement originated more than thirty years ago in the mind of Joseph Hopper, of Windy Nook, who persisted in keeping it before the attention of the miners and those interested in mining till he gained the cooperation of such well-known public men as John Wilson, the president of the Miners' Association, and Dr. Moore Ede, now Dean of Worcester. The Homes Association was formed in 1896 and has become consolidated, and has gained such wide support throughout the Durham coal-field that it arranged for the building and support during the past year of more than 100 new houses for the aged.

The Strenuous North

The homes are widely scattered in groups over the county, and one group stands as a memorial to Joseph Hopper, at Windy Nook, where he was laid to rest in 1909. The whole movement, in its inception and its success, is a remarkable proof of what may be begun by one earnest man concentrating on a sound idea and securing the backing of the men of the strenuous North. Durham has done what is being dreamed of in other places.

In no part of England is the mining problem more acute than in Durham. Talk of closing down mines is widespread. But everyone will trust that a body of workers who can help others as the Durham miners have helped their aged comrades will have the national consideration they deserve.

THE LAST OF SAMUEL CROMPTON'S WORKSHOP

All who believe in preserving buildings that tell of historical events will be sorry that the town of Bolton has not been able to keep in existence the building in which Samuel Crompton first reached a commercial success with his spinning-jenny, an invention for making muslin that made his name known and brought prosperity to Bolton.

Preservation has been impossible. The decaying walls were so insecure that they had to be hastily demolished.

Crompton does not lack a personal monument. Bolton placed one over his grave, and there is also a statue of him in the neighbourhood.

As a young man he added to his earnings as a weaver by playing the fiddle. His improvements on the original spinning-jenny were made in secret, and for a time his machine was worked in secret by himself and his family. Later the Government made him a grant of £5000 as an acknowledgment of the national value of his invention.

He did not patent it, so anyone could take advantage of it. His temperament made him a difficult man to work with and he died not far removed from poverty, but his invention had a great effect on British industry.

£100 FOR A FRIEND OF BIRDS

Chance for an Inventor WHO WILL SAVE THE POOR CANARY?

It is delightful to find when we visit the wonderful War Memorial Chapel on the Rock of Edinburgh that one of its panels is dedicated to birds that died on war service. Carrier pigeons and canaries used for detecting the presence of gas have their own little memorial, cut in stone on the chapel walls.

But it is sad to remember that canaries and wild birds are sacrificed in this way during peace as well as in war. They are more sensitive than men to polluted air, and so when disaster comes in a mine the rescuers snatch up one of the cages kept ready near the pit-head and go down into the danger zone. When his bird collapses the rescuer knows there is carbon monoxide gas in the air and that he must retreat before the deadly fumes do to him what they have already done to the bird.

Birds as Gas Detectors

Redpolls, linnets, and canaries are the birds most generally used as gas detectors. Of course their lives are less precious than the miners', and no one will say it is wrong to use birds in this way so long as there are no other reliable means of detecting the presence of carbon monoxide.

But some other means should be found, and £100 is offered to the finder by a charitable lady. Professor Henry Louis, President of the Institution of Mining Engineers, and Professor Granville Poole, of Durham University, have laid down the conditions.

The invention must quickly and infallibly show the presence of small quantities of carbon monoxide in the atmosphere. It must be very simple to use, so that untrained men can see at a glance how it works, and it must be as easy to carry as a birdcage.

The Prize Money

Full details may be obtained from the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, 82, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1, and particulars of inventions must reach the Society before February.

The Minister of Mines will give advice on the merits of the inventions submitted and will arrange for a test.

The prize money is offered by Lady Cory, who hopes that some device will be discovered which will make the use of birds in mines superfluous and prove an even greater help to that gallant body the Mine Rescue Brigade.

THE BOOK THAT WINS EXAMINATIONS

The publishers of the Children's Encyclopedia ask us to mention three letters they have received from a brewer's drayman.

The first explained that two of his children are in secondary schools and owe much of their progress to the C.E. The second explained that these children owe their success in the entrance examinations to higher schools to the same work. The third letter explained that his home had been destroyed by a flood, and added:

"It would have been a dreadful loss to me if the Encyclopedia had been washed away, but my children rescued it as one of their most important treasures. I should have had to renew it otherwise, as they could not live without it now, and being a poor man I have often found it hard to get the money to pay for it. Nevertheless, it is worth every penny, for it has made all the difference between success and failure in exams."

A free booklet about the Children's Encyclopedia will be sent to any C.N. reader applying to the Educational Book Company, 17, New Bridge St., E.C.4.

THE CLOUDY PLANET

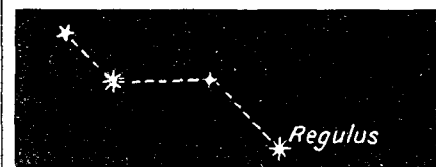
HOW TO FIND NEPTUNE Giant World that Spins Round in Eight Hours NEAR THE BRIGHTEST STAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Neptune is exceptionally well placed now for observers who have good binoculars, field-glasses, or a small telescope; with these this remote world should be just perceptible on any dark, clear night.

Neptune is at present easy to locate, for he appears very close to the bright first-magnitude star Regulus, and will remain so for two or three weeks. His position is indicated on the two star maps, the first one showing how to find Regulus with the naked eye, and therefore the locality of Neptune.

This star, the chief in the constellation of Leo, is the brightest to be seen in the



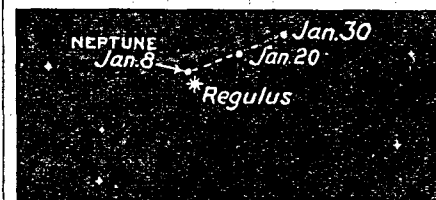
How to find Regulus

eastern sky in the evening. At about 10 p.m. it is almost midway between the horizon and overhead. Three other stars will be seen to the left of and above Regulus, arranged as shown.

Neptune will appear on Sunday, January 8, at his nearest to Regulus, just above the star and so close that were Neptune bright enough to be seen with the naked eye he would appear only one-tenth of the Moon's apparent width away from Regulus.

Actually, of course, Neptune is very much nearer to us than Regulus, for while he is about 29 times as far away as the Sun, Regulus is 6,270,000 times as far. Then, again, Regulus is an immense sun, large enough to envelop millions of worlds the size of Neptune, which, by the way, is about 72 times the size of our Earth. Were Neptune as near to us as the Moon we should see a great greenish-white sphere in the sky about 16 times the width of our satellite, covered with belts of clouds, the whole whirling round on its axis in a little under eight hours.

Far away to the right or left we should often see another, much smaller, sphere (estimated to be about twice the



The path of Neptune relative to Regulus

width of our Moon); this would be Neptune's satellite Triton, which travels round him in a little under six days.

Unfortunately, as Neptune and Triton are at the present time about 2715 million miles away we cannot see them at all without optical aid.

The second star map shows the sky in the vicinity of Regulus and Neptune as it will appear through powerful field-glasses, or a telescope with lenses at least two inches in diameter, or very good binoculars. Only Regulus out of the stars shown on this star map will be visible to the naked eye.

Owing to moonlight during the early part of next week these faint stars and Neptune are not likely to be seen without a powerful telescope; so the path of Neptune for the next three weeks is indicated; his movement will thus ensure identification.

G. F. M.

ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a
Lost Inheritance

By
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 1 The Drum

THROUGH the deep stillness of a January afternoon there stole into the winding street of Torferry a sound so strange that it drew the women to their doors, with peering eyes, to discover whence it came.

There were some who took it for the wind at its tricks, this sound so unfamiliar to their remote hamlet, where little would be heard save the ceaseless wash of the sea, the shrill cries at sunrise and sunset of curlew and tern, the laughter of the children released from school, the laboured tread of their fathers back from the boats, and the galloping of Lawyer Roach's black horse.

But this was neither the sound of wind nor of sea-birds. It was the tapping, the faint rap-tap, of an oncoming drum.

They listened as it drew nearer and nearer. They listened with bated breath. It came so mysteriously.

And then at the end of the street round the parsonage corner there broke into sight the drum and the man who was beating it—a giant of a man with vast bowed shoulders, old, ragged, lean as a greyhound. Wind and tempest and, maybe, the salt of the seas had stretched the skin of his face as tight as his drum, and buffeted, drenched, and blanched all its colour away except for the crimson slash of a long, puckered scar. His eyes were restless. He had a great beak of a nose. His clothing hung in tatters from knee to ankle. He was barefoot.

So much they took in while they glanced apprehensively at this gaunt unknown who strode down on them, beating his drum. None had seen him before, nor had any in these parts, or the word would have run, so singular was his appearance, so odd his employment. For instead of passing on he halted, and, straightening himself, began to beat a sharper tattoo with a harsh passion that melted note by note into gentleness. Never had the villagers heard such music.

Their alarm was dissipated, and while all drew closer one or other shyly offered him pence, which he took mutely with a grave acknowledging gesture. After which pause he raised his drumsticks again and, plying them too swiftly for eye to follow, he filled the little street with such wild, throbbing tumult that the children, coming out of school at the moment, with one accord raced up to surround him.

Swinging his books on a strap, there came along presently a well-grown boy, who sauntered up to the throng, where, instead of shouldering his way to the front (a very easy job for one of his sturdiness), he remained upon the outskirts, lazily watching, with an expression of amusement on his fair features. But this amusement gave way to surprise as he gazed at the drum from which the fantastic throbbing music proceeded; so enormously it hung on its frayed yellow cords, and so vastly was it marked with two red and black lines, which crossed each other from rim to rim of the cylinder like the multiplication sign in arithmetic.

Then, as his gaze travelled up the man who was beating it, the boy gave a start, for his eyes had met those of the drummer. And was it fancy that, in the moment their eyes met, the old man's glance suddenly stiffened and held him?

The boy started, half turned away, averting his head; but, impelled by a sensation he could not resist, he turned again, to find those eyes still upon him. They were watching him, he thought, with peculiar fixtiness; they were searching him, he felt, as though they were striving to draw him from the outer fringe of the throng.

He struggled against the strange and uneasy feeling. For what had he in common with this ragged

stranger who had come from who knew where and would go as he came?

And still the drum beat the reveille, but now with a deeper note, as though invisible hands were muting the drumsticks, when suddenly all was drowned by commotion and cries, as the little throng broke up and rushed in affright from the pound of a horse's hoofs and a galloping rider.

He was carried past, but pulled his black horse on its haunches and, wrenching its head round, came back to them at the trot. Then, while his steed stood panting through distended nostrils, he leaned from his saddle and rated the women for permitting their children to litter the roadway.

"One day," he tossed at them, "you'll come to some hurt."

A fisher-girl bolder than her companions stepped forward.

"A drummer—!" she had begun, but stopped in alarm at the way his face changed at the word. She had supposed that Roach would listen and pass with a shrug. Instead, his sleek features darkened, his mouth twisted with passion.

"What like was the rogue?" he cried sharply.

"Why, Mr. Roach, he's there!" she answered him, amazed; and turned with an outstretched arm. But the drummer had vanished.

Then Lawyer Roach dropped from his horse and began to rain questions. Was the drummer a native of this coast? What was his drum like? Had he ever been here before? Which way had he come?

On old and young he poured his torrent of questions.

The women answered with sullenness born of dislike. The children clutched at their mothers' skirts in confusion; they were one and all afraid of Roach, and they showed it. Yet, with all his questioning, there was none who could inform him how and where the drummer had vanished or whence he had come. While the boy who could have described every inch of the drum, with the vast cross devised on its cylinder, the boy who had not given ground when the crowd broke, stood without a word, impassively listening.

CHAPTER 2 Who's There?

DAVID KEDDIE, still swinging his books by their strap, climbed slowly up the footpath behind the cliff. The scene he had just left was filling his mind. He was wondering vaguely what had caused Lawyer Roach to show so much concern about the strange drummer.

But it was not this which disturbed him; it was that other thing, that baffling impression that the drum had been beating for him and that the drummer's eyes had been calling to him.

He felt at once queerly stirred and queerly discomfited.

He could think of nothing else. He wished that he could. For today he had many wonderful things to think about.

Today he was sixteen. There was that, to begin with. Today was his last day at school, according to the promise which his aunt had given twelve months ago. And six months ago, when the news of his father's death had been brought to Torferry Cottage from over the seas, his aunt had added to that promise another: that so soon as the day had arrived for him to leave school she would tell him more of the father whom he hardly remembered.

He followed a dip in the path till he neared a white gate set primly in a hedge which was equally prim. There was a lady by this hedge who seemed to be trimming it, for in her hands she carried a large pair of scissors. At the sound of his footsteps as he broke into a run she did not lift her head, but clipped on more earnestly.

"Aunt Deborah!" he called out. "You've been watching for me!"

She raised her head then, disclosing resolute features and a high, calm forehead untouched by the passage of years. Her hair, which was iron-grey, looked hard as drawn wire, being dressed back straightly after some old-fashioned style. And straight as any rule she carried her body.

"I know you were watching for me!" he told her again.

"You silly boy!" she replied. "I was doing some gardening."

"Oh, Aunt Deborah," he exclaimed, "in your Sunday silk dress! And you haven't got your gardening mittens on either!"

A smile crossed the old lady's resolute lips. "Well, your tea is ready," she owned. "It's been ready this half hour."

A fire of logs was leaping on the sunk hearth and shining back from the case of the grandfather's clock till its polished timber seemed on

ourselves shipwrecked sailors. We mustn't make a shipwrecked sailor of you, David."

There was that in Aunt Deborah's voice as she uttered the last words which caused David, who was settling himself down in the chair, resting the palms of his hands on its long padded arms, to raise his head and look inquiringly at her. But she, her lips slightly parted, was staring beyond him at the smaller of the two little curtained windows.

"I thought I saw a shadow cross it," she whispered.

"On the blind?" he echoed, turning to look.

"Yes; a shadow outside through the blind. Can you hear anything?"

Up he jumped and sprang to the door. He stood there a moment.

"Wait!" he said next, and passed down the narrow, flagged passage. She heard him open the front door and call out "Who's there?" No one answered. She heard his feet running down to the



Those eyes were watching him, he thought

fire as well. The pedestal lamp which always lived in the drawing-room had broken its rule for once in its life and come forth. There were new chintz curtains draping the windows. There on the table stood the best silver tea-service. And there (most astonishing!) were sixteen lit candles, the wicks whereof had never had match to them yet.

"Light them," commanded Aunt Deborah, and gave him a taper.

He lighted them almost reverently and kindling with wonder, for he had never had candles on his birthday before. Then, bidding him cut his cake, she looked round the room.

"I thought we would dress it up for you, David," she said.

So they feasted in state, and it was not until they had finished, and not until she had taken the tea things away, forbidding him to help her as he did usually, that, re-entering the room with her work in her hands, she made a gesture toward the ancient armchair.

"Sit you there, David," she said.

He gave her a stare; for no one was allowed in that chair save Aunt Deborah. And when, reluctant still, he was hesitating:

"Sit you there," she repeated with an odd grimace. And added, more gently, "It belonged to your grandfather, David. When your father and I were children we played many games with it, and the one we liked the best was to turn it upside down and pretend it was a raft and

gate, and after a little while she heard them returning.

"No," he said briskly, re-settling himself in the chair. "There are no signs of anyone. There was nobody there."

She nodded.

"Oh, no doubt," she agreed, "it was fancy. We don't get many folk in this lonely lane, David. I remember when I bought this cottage so long ago how amused your father was at my choice. Still, you and I have been happy here, haven't we, David?"

"Oh, you know I have!" he exclaimed. "And I don't want to go."

Her busy needles stopped short. "To go where?" she sighed.

"Oh, I thought—I mean," he stammered, "that now I'm sixteen and am to have my father's money I had to go somewhere to learn things that I can't be taught in the school here. I thought that was what you wanted to speak of, Aunt Deborah."

She gave no answer but bent her head over her work, and nothing was heard in the room save the clock's measured tick. Noiselessly David put a new log on the fire, and watched the tongues of flame begin to encircle it. All was very silent without. The darkness was falling.

Then she wrapped her work round the needles and placed it aside. "David," she began, "it is twelve years today since your father brought you here and left you with me. That was six months after you'd lost your mother; and,

as you know, you never had brother or sister. Twelve years ago it was to this very day, and the next morning he went over the sea to his fortune. But I doubt the poor man ever found it," she added.

"I can just remember him. I remember him dimly," said David. "Such a stubborn man he was."

"I declared energetically. I begged him not to go, but he wouldn't listen. If your father set his heart on a thing, David, he would never rest till he got it, or broke himself trying. Beware of stubbornness, David. Don't take too much after him."

"All the same," interjected David, "he did make his fortune!"

"Stubborn as a rock he was," she repeated, shaking her head and pressing her firm lips together.

David scarcely resisted a smile. If he knew his Aunt Deborah he knew someone else with a very strong will of her own, and that dear someone not a hundred miles from this room.

"Auntie, would you call me stubborn?" he ventured.

"That I should," was her prompt rejoinder. "Am I not warning you? If you set your heart on a thing you're like your poor father, you won't give it up."

"Would you, Aunt Deb?" he said, twinkling.

"That's neither here nor there. You're a laddie yet and I'm an old woman."

"You're not so old."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" she interposed. "David, it's well to set your hand to the plough and never to take it off till you've driven your furrow." She paused. "But make sure first, make very sure first, that you've started your plough in the right direction."

"I'll try to," said David.

"I doubt if you will," the old lady commented grimly. "It was never the way of a Keddie to make over-sure first. If your father had been guided by my advice—"

"But, Auntie, he did make that fortune he went for!" smiled David.

"He did not," she uttered in the gentlest tone she had used. "David, laddie, it's just that I've been dreading to tell you."

Her eyes had never left his face as she spoke. He did not give a start or utter a sound, though who can say how many visions the news had destroyed. And there was lighted in her watchful eyes a proud glow.

"He's game," she said, under her breath. "I knew he'd be game."

Rising from his place, he came to her side. "Aunt Deborah, tell me all about it," he breathed.

"There's little to tell," she said slowly. "But I take the blame for leading you to imagine the other thing, David. You see, when I heard that your father was dead (he had died, I was told, in some lone spot up country) I supposed that you would come in for all that he had."

"Yes; and I always thought—"

"Ay. So did I, David. For, although your father's letters had grown very few, whenever he did write he mentioned how well he was doing. And it's all for my boy, he wrote once. But he left nothing."

His arm had slipped round her shoulders.

"When did you hear last?"

"Two years since. Two long years. And it's little he wrote then. But knowing he had a big ranch and that it was prospering, as soon as I heard of his death I employed some solicitors on the spot to look into everything in your interests, David."

"Yes?" he prompted gently.

"They did so. They found that twelve months before his death he had sold his ranch, lock, stock, and barrel. But what had he done with the proceeds? Nobody knew. They couldn't trace that he had left a penny behind him." She stopped, and raised her head sharply. "What's that noise?" she ejaculated.

"I heard nothing."

"But I did," insisted Aunt Deborah. "It sounded like a footstep. See who's outside, David!"

TO BE CONTINUED

January 7, 1958

The Children's Newspaper

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Love Comes Unseen—We Only See It Go



THE BRAN TUB

A Beheaded Word

COMPLETE, I am unpleasant to hear;
Behead, I'm not so to the taste;
Behead again, there's a great deal
Of what scribbles too often waste.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Sloth

One of the strangest-looking creatures is the Sloth, which moves about in trees, hanging upside down by the long, curved claws with which its two pairs of limbs are furnished. The hair of the Sloth is coarse and shaggy and of a brownish or ash-grey colour mingled with green. Its food consists entirely of fruit and vegetables. The picture shows the Two-toed Sloth, a species which is found only in Brazil.

Proverbs About Cunning





CRAFT, counting all things, brings nothing home.

Cunning is the fool's substitute for wisdom.

He that will deceive the fox must rise betimes.

The greatest cunning is to have none. Too much cunning undoes.

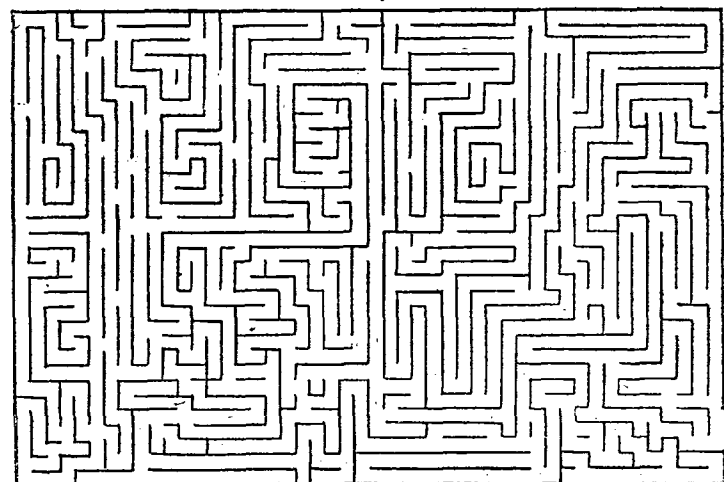
Changeling

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Change the word Fish into Bird with only five intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

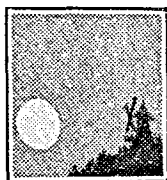
Answer next week

Can You Find Your Way Through the Maze?



Take a pencil and, starting at the space in the right-hand side, trace a way through the maze to the space in the bottom edge

Other Worlds Next Week



south at 10 p.m. on January 10.

A Hidden River

You'll find me in rumple but not in crease,
You'll find me in duckling but not in geese,
You'll find me in tassel but not in cord,
You'll find me in crossing but not in ford,
You'll find me in whistle but not in flute,
You'll find me in slipper but not in boot,
You'll find me in moisture but not in wet,
You'll find me in wireless but not in set,
You'll find me in painting but not in brush,
You'll find me in pounding but not in crush,
You'll find me in fifteenth but not in tenth,
My whole is a river of very great length.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Lo gant Le géant La gondole

Je n'ai qu'un gant: où est l'autre?
Ce géant n'a pas l'air bien terrible.
À Venise la gondole remplace le taxi.

How the World Speaks

Do you know that the English-speaking people in the world number about 180 millions, while Chinese is spoken by 440 millions?

German comes next with 120 millions. Russian and Hindustani are each spoken by about 100 millions, and there are 70 million French-speaking people. The round figures for other languages are:

Japanese 58,000,000
Spanish 55,000,000
Italian 50,000,000
Portuguese 30,000,000

What Am I?

I'm often kept by king and queen,
Duke, baron, peasant, dean;
Lords and ladies prize me too,
I'm liked by them as well as you.
I'm high, I'm low, I'm short, I'm long,
I'm thin, I'm thick, I'm weak, I'm strong,
I'm plain, I'm fancy, handsome too,
For comfort's sake I'm used by you;
I'm found in every place you roam,
Mountain, valley, and at home.
I please sometimes, at others tease;
I cause you pain, I give you ease;
Abuse me not and I'm your friend,
I'll take you to your journey's end.

Answer next week

Jacko is Bored

JACKO was always very pleased when his mother took him on a shopping expedition to the next town. He was specially pleased one day when, having finished her shopping, she found they had an hour to wait before the bus left for home.

"Just fancy; we've an hour to spare!" she told Jacko. "Now, what shall we do with it?"

Jacko had quite a lot of ideas, but unfortunately his mother didn't approve of any of them. She wasn't at all keen on watching a football match, and the thought of a visit to a shooting gallery made her head ache.

"I couldn't stand all the bangs!" she said with a shudder. Jacko couldn't think of anything quieter, but suddenly his mother herself had an idea.

"I know. We will go to the picture gallery!" she said.

Jacko wasn't at all keen on that; he very much preferred shooting galleries to picture galleries! But Mrs. Jacko seemed so



"It's this young rascal's fault," he gasped

anxious to look at the pictures that he didn't make a fuss, and off they went.

The paintings were very fine, and Mrs. Jacko was greatly impressed by them. "Just look at that lovely landscape!" she exclaimed. "Now, isn't that beautiful!"

Jacko grunted. He was hopelessly bored; the whole place was much too solemn and staid to please him. "I vote we go somewhere else," he said at last. "I've had enough of pictures."

But Mrs. Jacko hadn't had nearly enough, though she admitted that her feet were getting rather tired with all the standing about. Still, there were seats in some of the rooms, and she settled herself on one of them with a smile of contentment on her face.

Jacko hated sitting still, and it wasn't long before he had gone off on his own. "I shan't be long, Mater!" he called out. "Sit there and rest while I have a look round!"

He didn't find anything more exciting in the way of pictures, but one thing pleased him enormously, and that was the floor. It was very highly waxed and polished, and very slippery.

"Coo! I wish I'd brought my roller-skates!" exclaimed the young rascal, and he took a running slide the length of the room!

Unfortunately an official immediately sprang up from nowhere and stood in front of Jacko with his arms outstretched.

"How dare you!" he gasped. "The very idea!"

But he didn't get any farther, for Jacko bumped into him with such force that he began to slide too, and away they both went the whole length of another room, ending up with a crash against the seat on which Mrs. Jacko was sitting.

"Beg pardon, Ma'am, I'm sure!" gasped the man when he could find his breath. "It's this young rascal's fault. I'd like to give him a good caning!"

"No need to do that!" said Mrs. Jacko. "I'll see he has it all right when we get home!"

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has only four letters.

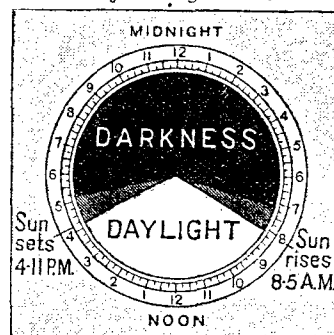
Something that is very popular in the winter. What fancy cakes usually are. This is often seen by the river-side. This is seen in running water.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Bridge?

BRIDGE is a modern English spelling of the French word *bouche*, a mouth, and is probably a name originally given because of the occupation of the person called by it. He may have been the person who looked after the provisioning of an institution. Or the name may have been originally a nickname.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

Not Exactly!

YES, we had a splendid time in Switzerland. We climbed the Matterhorn—

You climbed the Matterhorn? That was a great feat!

Great feat, you mean.

Ah, then you climbed him more than once?

The Missing Note

A SCOTSMAN was summoned the other day to appear at a London police court for a motor offence.

He wrote to the magistrate apologising for his non-attendance and saying he enclosed a pound note for his fine. But there was no pound note in the letter.

Then said the magistrate:

"These Scotsmen are always careful. We are fining him eleven shillings. He will be disappointed, however, for we are not sending him nine shillings change."

January

CAME a round little man with eyes of blue,
White hair from which the icicles grew,
And a red, red nose like a cherry!
"Who are you?" I wonderingly said;
And the icicles clinked as he nodded his head:
"I am Master Jan-U-Ary."

In the Geology Class

NOW, tell me, what is salt?
Please, sir, it's the stuff that makes a potato taste nasty if you don't take it with it!

Loiterers Beware



AS Crawly crossed the road (said Snap)

A motor-car swept by.
I hear it bowled him over in
The twinkling of an eye.

Ah, well (reflected Snap), we live
In such a rapid day
That even strolling snails must learn
To hop out of the way!

Binding

ONE of our smaller friends, a maid of ten, looked up from a book she was reading and inquired:

"Why do people swear on the Bible?"

She thought for a moment, and added:

"I should have thought that any book is binding."

With that she lowered her eyes and continued her reading.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Here is last week's cross word puzzle.

Diamond Word Puzzle

M
AIM
ESSAY
STY
L
SET
MITRE
TOY
E

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D | E | S | O | L | A | T | E | G | O |
| E | S | T | I | A | R | I | A | R | I |
| S | P | O | T | G | R | A | I | N | |
| C | A | P | B | O | E | R | S | E | |
| R | R | G | U | N | I | C | E | S | |
| I | T | A | L | I | A | S | | | |
| B | O | R | E | G | A | S | O | A | |
| E | E | A | G | E | R | C | O | I | |
| C | A | M | I | N | M | U | L | E | |
| B | U | S | R | O | T | A | T | O | R |
| A | M | F | L | A | T | I | O | N | S |

Beheaded Words. Seven, even, eve.

What Coins Are They?

Four shillings and four threepenny-bits make five shillings; two shillings and two sixpences make three shillings.

Do You Know Me? Resolutions.

Who Was He?
The Great General was Saladin.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

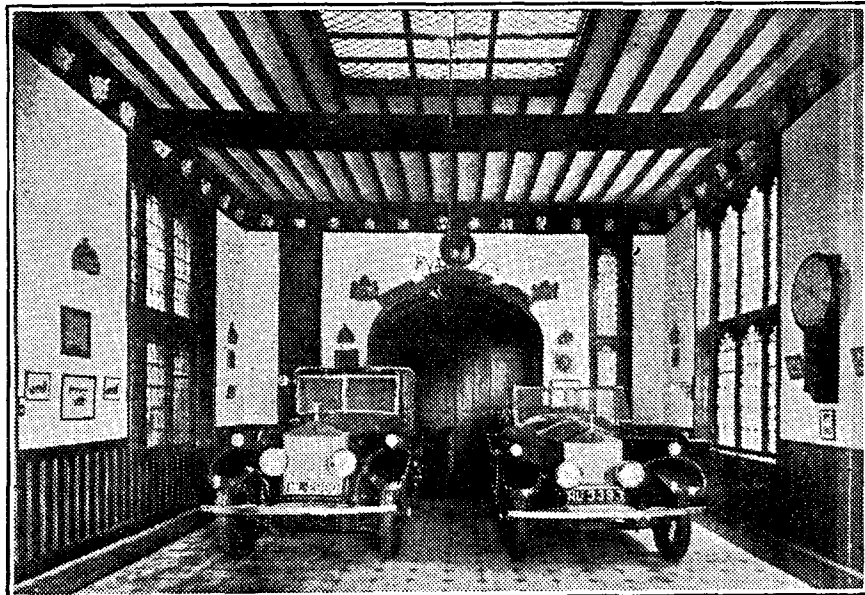
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 7, 1928

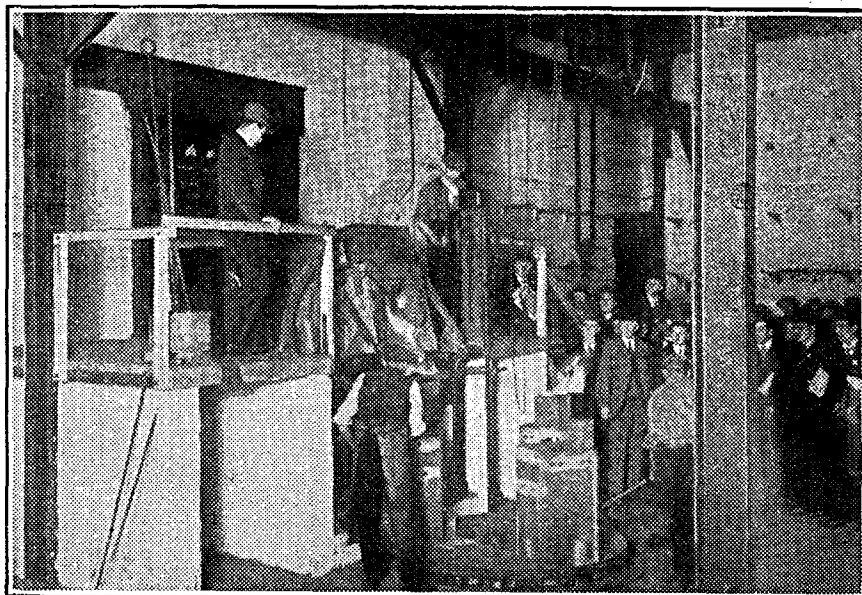
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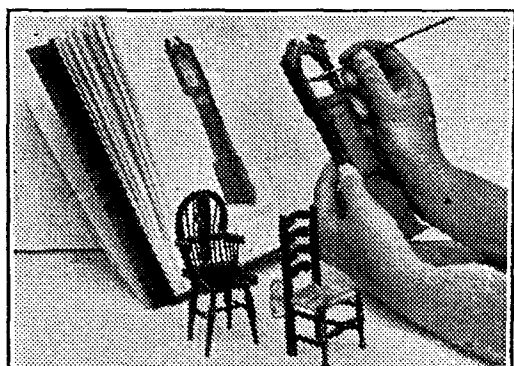
STEEL MADE BY WIRELESS • CATERPILLAR WHEELBARROW • EARLY LAMBS



A Historic Garage—At the time of King Edward VII's coronation a robing-room was erected at Westminster Abbey. This beautiful building is now being used as a garage at Shepperton.



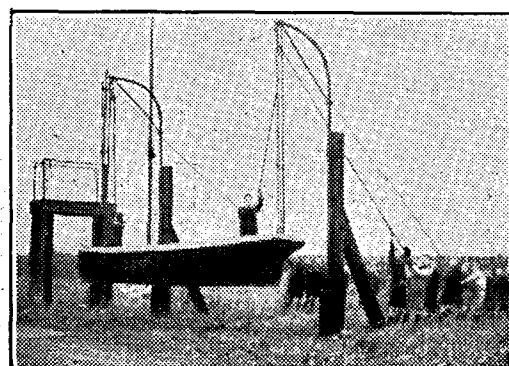
Making Steel by Wireless—This picture shows a demonstration of a new furnace for making steel. Heat is generated in the metal by means similar to those used in wireless. See page 4.



Miniature Antiques—There is a fashion just now for miniature reproductions of antique furniture. In this picture we see a tiny grandfather clock being painted.



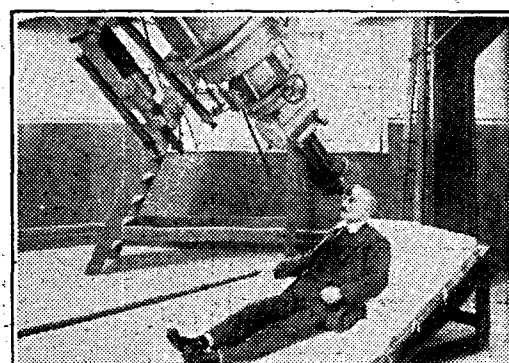
The Bear's Dinner-Time—The antics of this bear while trying to eat its dinner out of a basin greatly amused some of the boys and girls who went to the Zoo the other day during their holiday visit to London.



Launching a Lifeboat on Land—The boys of the training-ship Carina at Blyth are taught how to launch a ship's lifeboat from a pair of davits built on land, as shown here.



Caterpillar Wheelbarrow—A barrow fitted with a caterpillar wheel-track is here seen in use. On the right is an ordinary barrow with its wheel stuck in the ground.



An Astronomer at Work—The appearance of a new comet has caused great activity at the observatories. Here is an astronomer using the Greenwich telescope.



Winter Lambs—Some lambs born recently at a farm in Bedfordshire are doing well in spite of the cold weather. Here we see two shepherds feeding them with milk from a bottle.



Lifting an Alligator—At an alligator farm in California the reptiles are examined regularly to see that they are in good health. A man is here seen lifting an alligator out of its pond.

MOTHER NATURE AS THE GREAT TAILOR—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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